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ATHEISTS TRAGEDY;

OR, THE

HONEST MAN'S REVENGE;

Written by CYRIL TOURNEUR. K



L O N D O N :

PRINTED 1611, RE-PRINTED 1794, BY T. WILKINS,
NO. 23, ALDERMANBURY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

MONTFERRERS, *a Baron.*

BELFOREST, *a Baron.*

D'AMVILLE, *Brother to Montferrers.*

CHARLEMONT, *Son to Montferrers.*

ROUSARD, *elder Son to D'amville.*

SEBASTIAN, *younger Son to D'amville.*

LANGUEBEAU SNUFFE, *a Puritan, Chaplain to Belforest.*

BORACHIO, *D'amville's Instrument.*

Servants.

Sergeant in War.

Soldiers.

Watchmen.

Officers.

Judges



W O M E N.

LEUIDULCIA, *Lady to Belforest.*

CASTABELLA, *Daughter to Belforest.*

CATAPLASMA *an Attire Maker.*

SOQUETTE, *a serving Gentlewoman, to Cataplasma.*

FRESCO, *Servant to Cataplasma.*

THE
ATHEISTS TRAGEDY.

Actus prima Scena prima.

Enter D'AMVILLE, BORACHIO, attended.

D'amville,

I Saw my nephew Charlemont, but now
Part from his father. Tell him I desire
To speak with him.
Borachio, thou art read
In nature and her large philosophy.
Observe'st thou not the very self same-course
Of revolution both in man and beast?

Bor. The same, for birth, growth, state, decay and death:
Only, a man's beholding to his nature
For th' better composition o' the two.

D'am. But where that favour of his nature, is
Not full and free, you see a man becomes
A fool, as little knowing as a beast.

Bor. That shows there's nothing in a man, above
His nature; if there were, confiding 'tis
His being's excellency, t'would not yield
To nature's weakness.

D'am. Then if death casts up
Our total sum of joy and happiness,
Let me have all my senses feasted in
Th' abundant fulness of delight at once,

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And

And with a sweet insensible increase
Of pleasing surfeit melt into my dust.

Bor. That revolution is too short methinks.

If this life comprehends our happiness,
How foolish to desire to die so soon:
And if our time runs home unto the length
Of nature, how improvident it were
To spend our substance on a minute's pleasure,
And after live an age in misery.

D'am. So thou conclud'st that pleasure only flows
Upon the stream of riches?

Bor. Wealth is lord
Of all felicity.

D'am. 'Tis oracle,
For what's a man that's honest without wealth?

Bor. Both miserable and contemptible.

D'am. He's worse, Borachio, for if charity
Be an essential part of honesty,
And should be practis'd first upon ourselves,
Which must be granted; then your honest man
That's poor, is most dishonest, for he is
Uncharitable to the man whom he
Should most respect. But what doth this touch me
That seem to have enough? thanks industry.
'Tis true; had not my body spread itself
Into posterity, perhaps I should
Desire no more increase of substance, than
Would hold proportion with mine own dimensions,
Yet even in that sufficiency of state,
A man has reason to provide and add.
For what is he hath such a present eye,
And so prepar'd a strength, that can foresee
And fortify his substance and himself,
Against those accidents, the least whereof
May rob him of an age's husbandry?
And for my children, they are as near to me
As branches to the tree whereon they grow;
And may as numerously be multiplied.
As they increase, so should my providence;
For from my substance, they receive the sap
Whereby they live and flourish.

Eor

Bor. Sir enough,
I understand the mark whereat you aim.

Enter CHARLEMONT.

D'am. Silence, we're interrupted. Charlemont!

Char. Good morrow, Uncle.

D'am. Noble Charlemont,
Goodmorrow; is not this the honour'd day
You purpos'd to set forward to the war?

Char. My inclination did intend it so.

D'am. And not your resolution?

Charl. Yes, my lord,
Had not my father contradicted it.

D'am. O noble war! thou first original
Of all men's honour, how dejectedly
The baser spirit of our present time
Hath cast itself below the ancient worth
Of our forefathers! from whose noble deeds
Ignobly we derive our pedigrees.

Charl. Sir; tax not me for his unwillingness.
By the command of his authority,
My disposition's forc'd against itself.

D'am. Nephew, you are the honour of our blood,
The troop of gentry, whose inferior worth
Should second your example, are become
Your leaders: and the scorn of their discourse
Turns smiling back upon your backwardness.

Charl. You need not urge my spirit by disgrace,
Tis free enough; my father hinders it.
To curb me, he denies me maintainance
To put me in the habit of my rank.
Unbind me from that strong necessity,
And call me coward if I stay behind.

D'am. For want of means? Borachio! where's the gold?
I'd disinherit my posterity
To purchase honour. 'Tis an interest
I prize above the principal of wealth.

I'm glad I had th' occasion to make known
How readily my substance shall unlock
Itself to serve you. Here's a thousand crowns.

Chal. My worthy uncle; in exchange for this,
Double I leave my bond; so I am bound

By

By that for the repayment of this gold,
And by this gold to satisfy your love.

D'am. Sir, 'tis a witness only of my love;
And love doth always satisfy itself.
Now to your father; labour his consent,
My importunity shall second yours—
We will obtain it.

Char. If intreaty fail,
The force of reputation shall prevail.

Exit.

D'am. Go call my sons, that they may take their leaves
Of noble Charlemont. Now, my Borachio.

Bor. The substance of our former argument,
Was wealth.

D'am. The question how to compass it.

Bor. Young Charlemont's going to the war.

D'am. O thou begin'st to take me.

Bor. Mark me then:

Methinks the pregnant wit of man might make
The happy absence of this Charlemont,
A subject for commodious providence;
He has a wealthy father, ready even
To drop into his grave. And no man's power,
When Charlemont is gone, can interpose
'Twixt you and him.

D'am. Thou hast apprehended both
My meaning and my love. Now let thy trust,
For undertaking and for secrecy,
Hold measure with my amplitude of wit;
And thy reward shall parallel thy worth.

Bor. My resolution has already bound
Me to your service.

D'am. And my heart to thee.

Enter ROUSARD and SEBASTIAN.

Here are my sons —

There's my eternity. My life in them;
And their succession shall for ever live.
And in my reason dwells the providence,
To add to life as much of happiness.
Let all men lose, so I increase my gain,
I have no feeling of another's pain.

*Exeunt.
Enter*

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Enter old MONTFERRERS and CHARLEMONT.

Mont. I prithee let this current of my tears,
Divert thy inclination from the war.
For of my children thou art only left
To promise a succession to my house.
And all the honour thou canst get by arms,
Will give but vain addition to thy name;
Since from thy ancestors thou dost derive
A dignity sufficient; and as great
As thou hast substance to maintain and bear;
I prithee stay at home.

Charl. My noble father,
The weakest sigh you breath, had power to turn
My strongest purpose; and your softest tear,
To melt my resolution to as soft
Obedience; but my affection to the war,
Is as hereditary as my blood.
The very life of all my ancestry.
Your predecessors were your precedents;
And you are my example. Shall I serve
For nothing but a vain parenthesis,
I th' honoured story of your family?
Or hang but like an empty scutcheon
Between the trophies of my predecessors,
And the rich arms of my posterity;
There's not a Frenchman of good blood and youth,
But either out of spirit or example,
Is turn'd soldier. Only Charlemont
Must be reputed that same heartless thing,
That cowards will be bold to play upon.

Enter D'AMVILLE, ROUSARD and SEBASTIAN.

D'am. Good morrow, my lord.

Mont. Morrow! good brother.

Charl. Good morrow, uncle.

D'am. Morrow, kind nephew,

What have you wash'd your eyes with tears, this morning?
Come, by my soul, his purpose does deserve
Your free consent;—Your tenderness dissuades him.
What to the father of a gentleman,
Should be more tender than the maintainance

And

And the increase of honour to his house?
 My lord, here are my boys, I should be proud
 That either this were able, or that inclin'd
 To be my nephew's brave competitor.

Mont. Your opportunities have overcome—
 Pray God my fore'd grant prove not ominous.

D'am. We have obtained it.—Ominous! in what?
 It cannot be in any thing but death.
 And I am of a confident belief
 That even the time, place, manner of our deaths,
 Do follow fate, with that necessity
 That makes us sure to die. And in a thing
 Ordain'd so certainly unalterable,
 What can the use of providence prevail?

BELFOREST LEUIDULCIA, CASTABELLA, *attended.*

Bel. Morrow, my lord Montferrers, Lord D'amville,
 Good morrow, gentlemen, cozen Charlemont,
 Kindly good morrow. Troth I was afraid
 I should have come too late to tell you that
 I wish your undertakings a success
 That may deserve the measure of their worth.

Cha. My lord, my duty would not let me go
 Without receiving your commandments.

Bel. Accomplements are more for ornament
 Than use—We should employ no time in them
 But what our serious business will admit.

Mont. Your favour had by his duty been prevented,
 If he had not withheld him in the way.

D'am. He was coming to present his service;
 But now no more—The cook invites to breakfast.
 Wilt please your lordship, enter?—Noble lady.

Manent CHARLEMONT and CASTABELLA.

Charl. My noble mistress, this accomplement
 Is like an elegant and moving speech,
 Composed of many sweet persuasive points.
 Which second one another, with a fluent
 Increase and confirmation of their force,
 Rescuing still the best until the last,
 To crown a strong impulsion on the rest
 With a full conquest of the hearers sense:

Because

Because the impression of the last we speak
 Doth always longest and most constantly
 Possess the entertainment of remembrance;
 So all that now salute my taking leave,
 Have added numerously to the love
 Wherewith I did receive their courtesy;
 But you, dear mistress, being the last and best
 That speaks my farewell; like th' imperious close
 Of a sweet oration, wholly have
 Possessed my liking, and shall ever live
 Within the soul of my true memory.
 So, mistress, with this kiss I take my leave.

Costa. My worthy servant, you mistake th' intent
 Of kissing. 'Twas not meant to separate
 A pair of lovers, but to be the seal
 Of love, importing by the joining of
 Our mutual and incorporated breaths,
 That we should breathe but one contracted life.
 Or stay at home, or let me go with you?

Charl. My Castabella, for myself to stay,
 Or you to go, would either tax my youth
 With a dishonourable weakness, or
 Your loving purpose with immodesty.

Enter Languagebeau Snuffe.

And for the satisfaction of your love,
 Here comes a man whose knowledge I have made
 A witness to the contract of our vows,
 Which my return by marriage shall confirm.

Lang. I salute you both with the spirit of copulation, I
 am already informed of your matrimonial purposes, and
 will be a testimony to the integrity.

Costa. O the sad trouble of my fearful soul!
 My faithful servant, did you never hear
 That when a certain great man went to th' war,
 The lovely face of heav'n was mask'd with sorrow,
 The sighing winds did move the breast of earth,
 The heavy clouds hung down their mourning heads,
 And wept sad showers the day that he went hence;
 As if that day presag'd some ill success,
 That fatally should kill his happiness;

C

And

And so it came to pass, Methinks my eyes
(Sweet Heav'n forbid) are like those weeping clouds,
And as their showers presag'd, so do my tears
Some sad event will follow my sad fears

Charl. Fie, superstitious: is it bad to kiss?

Cast. May all my fears hurt me no other than this.

Lang. Fie, fie, fie, these carnal kisses do stir up the
concupiscences of the flesh.

Enter Belforest and Leuidul'cia.

Leuid. O! here's your daughter under her servant's lips.

Charl. Madam, there's no cause you should mistrust
the kiss I gave, 'twas but a parting one.

Leuid. A lusty blood! now by the lip of love, were I to
choose, your joining one for me.

Bel. Your father stays to bring you on the way.

Farewel, the great commander of the war
Prosper the course you undertake. Farewel.

Charl. My lord! I humbly take my leave—Madam!
I kiss your hand.—And your sweet lip—Farewel.

Manent Charlemont and Languebeau.

Her power to speak is perish'd in her tears.
Something within me would persuade my stay,
But reputation would not yield unto't.

Dear sir, you are the man whose honest trust
My confidence has chosen for my friend.
I fear my absence will discomfort her.

You have the power and opportunity
To moderate her passion: let her grief
Receive that friendship from you, and your love
Shall not repent itself of courtesy.

Lang. Sir, I want words and protestations to insinuate
into your credit; but in plainness and truth, I will qualify
her grief with the spirit of consolation.

Charl. Sir, I will take your friendship up at use,
And fear not that your profit shall be small;
Your interest shall exceed your principal. Exit Charl.

Enter D'amville and Borachio.

D'am. Monsieur Languebeau! happily encountered.
The honesty of your conversation makes me request more
int'rest in your familiarity.

Lang. If your Lordship will be pleased to salute me
without ceremony, I shall be willing to exchange my
service

service for your favour; but this worshipping kind of entertainment, is a superstitious vanity; in plainness and truth I love it not.

D'am. I embrace your disposition; and desire to give you as liberal assurance of my love, as my Lord Belforest your deserved favourer.

Lang. His lordship is pleased with my plainness and truth of conversation.

D'am. It cannot displease him in the behaviour of his noble daughter Castabella; a man may read her worth and your instruction.

Lang. That gentlewoman is most sweetly modest, fair, honest, handsome, wise, well-born, and rich.

D'am. You have given me her picture in small.

Lang. She's like your Diamond; a temptation in every man's eye, yet not yielding to any light impression herself.

D'am. The praise is hers: but the comparison your own.
[Gives him the Ring]

Lang. You shall forgive me that, Sir.

D'am. I will not do so much at your request as forgive you it. I will only give you it, Sir. By—You will make me swear.

Lang. O by no means. Profane not your lips with the foulness of that sin. I will rather take it. To save your oath, you shall lose your Ring.—Verily my lord, my praise came short of her worth: she exceeds a jewel. This is but only for ornament; she both for ornament and use.

Da'm. Yet unprofitably kept without use: she deserves a worthy husband, Sir. I have often wish'd a match between my elder son and her. The marriage would join the houses of Belforest and D'amville into a noble alliance.

Lan. And the unities of families is a work of love and charity.

D'am. And that work an employment well becoming the goodness of your disposition.

Lan. If your lordship please to impose it upon me, I will carry it without any second end; the surest way to satisfy your wish.

D'am. Most joyfully accepted.—Rousard! Here are letters to my lord Belforest touching my desire to that purpose.

Enter Rousard sickly.

Rousard! I send you a suitor to Castabella. To this gentleman's discretion I commit the managing of your suit; his good success shall be most thankful to your trust. Follow his instructions, he will be your leader.

Lan. In plainness and truth.

Rous. My leader? Does your Lordship think me too weak to give the onset myself?

Lan. I will only assist your proceedings.

Rous. To say true; so I think you had need, for a sick man can hardly get a woman's good will without help.

Lan. Charlemont, gratuity and my promises were both but words; and both like words shall vanish into air.

For thy poor empty hand I must be mute:

This gives me feeling of a better suit.

Exit Languebeau and Rousard.

D'am. Borachio! didst precisely note this man?

Bor. His own profession would report him pure.

D'am. And seems to know if any benefit

Arises of religion after death;

Yet but compare's profession with his life;

They so directly contradict themselves,

As if the end of his instructions were

But to divert the world from sin that he

More easily might engross it to himself.

By that I am confirm'd an Atheist.

Well, Charlemont is gone; and here thou seest

Hi absence the foundation of my plot.

Bor. He is the man whom Castabella loves.

D'am. That was the reason I propounded him

Employment; fix'd upon a foreign place

To draw his inclination out of the way.

Bor. 'Twas left the passage of our practice free.

D'am. This Castabella is a wealthy heir,

And by her marriage with my eldest Son,

My house is honour'd, and my state increas'd.

This work alone deserves my industry:

But if it prosper, thou shalt see my brain

Make this but an induction to a point

So full of profitable police,

That it would make the soul of honesty

Ambitious to turn villain.

Bor. I bespeak

Employment

Employment in 't. I'll be an instrument
To grace performance with dexterity.

D'am. Thou shalt. No man shall rob thee of the honor.
Go presently and buy a crimson scarfe,
Like Charlemont. Prepare thee a disguise,
I'th habit of a Soldier, hurt and lame;
And then be ready at the wedding feast,
Where thou shalt have employment in a work
Will please thy disposition.

Bor. As I vow'd:

Your instrument shall make your project proud.

D'am. This marriage will bring wealth, if that succeed,
I will increase it though my brother bleed. Exeunt.

Enter Castabella avoiding the importunity of Rousard.

Cas. Nay, good sir; in truth if you knew how little
it pleases me, you would forbear it

Rous. I will not leave thee, till thou hast entertain'd
me for thy servant.

Cas. My servant? you are sick you say. You would
tax me of indiscretion to entertain one that is not able
to do me service.

Rous. The service of a gentlewoman consists most in
chamberwork, and sick men are fittest for the chamber—I
pr'ythee give me a favour.

Cas. Methink you have a very sweet favour of your
own.

Rous. I lack but your black eye.

Cas. If you go to buffets among the boys, they'll give
you one.

Rous. Nay, if you grow bitter, I'll dispraise your black
eye. The grey ey'd morning makes the fairest day.

Cas. Now that you dissemble not, I could be willing
to give you a favour. What favour would you have?

Rous. Any toy: any light thing.

Cas. Fie. Will you be so uncivil to ask a light thing at
a gentlewoman's hand?

Rous. Wilt give me a bracelet of thy hair then?

Cas. Do you want hair, sir?

Rous. No faith, I want no hair, so long as I can have
it for money.

Cas. What would you do with my hair then?

Rous. Wear it for thy sake, sweetheart.

Casta. Do you think I love to have my hair worn off?

Rous. Come, you are so witty now, and so sensible.

Kisses her.

Cas. Tush! I would I wanted one of my senses now.

Rous. Bitter again. What's that? smelling?

Cas. No, no, no, why now you are satisfied I hope. I have given you a favour.

Rous. What favour? a kiss? I prithee give me another.

Cas. Shew me that I gave you then.

Rous. How shall I shew it?

Cas. You are unworthy of a favour if you will not bestow the keeping of it one minute.

Rous. Well, in plain terms, dost love me? That is the purpose of my coming.

Cas. Love you? yes, very well.

Rous. Give me thy hand upon't.

Cas. Nay, you mistake me. If I love you very well, I must not love you now, for now you are not very well; ye are sick.

Rous. This equivocation is for the jest now.

Cas. I speak 't as 'tis now in fashion, in earnest. But I shall not be in quiet for you I perceive, till I have given you a favour. Do you love me?

Rous. With all my heart.

Cas. Then with all my heart, I'll give you a jewel to hang in your ear.—Hark ye—I can never love you.

Exit.

Rous. Call you this a jewel to hang in mine ear? 'Tis no light favour, for I'll be sworn it comes somewhat heavily to me. Well, I will not leave her for all this. Methinks it animates a man to stand to't, when a woman desires to be rid of him at the first sight.

Exit.

Enter Belforest and Languebeau Snuffe.

Bel. I entertain the offer of this match, With purpose to confirm it presently, I have already mov'd it to my daughter; Her soft excuses favour'd at the first (Misthought) but of modest innocence Of blood, whose unmov'd stream was never drawn Into the current of affection. But when I Replied with more familiar arguments,

Thinking

Thinking to make her apprehension bold;
 Her modest blush fell to a pale dislike,
 And she refus'd with such confidence,
 As if she had been prompted by a love
 Inclining firmly to some other man,
 And in that obstinacy she remains.

Lan. Verily that disobedience doth not become a child.
 It proceedeth from an unsanctified liberty. You will be
 accessory to your own dishonour if you suffer it.

Bel. Your honest wisdom has advis'd me well.
 Once more I'll move her by persuasive means;
 If she resist, all mildness set apart,
 I will make use of my authority.

Lan. And instantly, lest fearing your constraint, her con-
 trary affection teach her some device that may prevent you.

Bel. To cut off ev'ry opportunity
 Procrastination may assist her with,
 This instant night she shall be married.

Lan. Best.

Enter Castabella.

Cas. Please it your lordship, my mother attends
 I th' gallery, and desires your conference.

Exit Belforest.

This means I us'd to bring me to your ear.
 Time cuts off circumstances; I must be brief.
 To your integrity did Charlemont
 Commit the contract of his love and mine.
 Which now so strong a hand seeks to divide,
 That if your grave advice assist me not,
 I shall be forc'd to violate my faith.

Lan. Since Charlemont's absence, I have weigh'd his
 love with the spirit of consideration; and in sincerity I
 find it to be frivolous and vain. Withdraw your respect;
 his affection deserveth it not.

Cas. Good Sir; I know your heart cannot prophane
 The holiness you make profession of,
 With such a vicious purpose, as to break
 The vows your own consent did help to make.

Lan. Can he deserve your love, who in neglect of your
 delightful conversation; and in obstinate contempt of all
 your prayers and tears, absents himself so far from your
 sweet fellowship, and with a purpose so contracted to that

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absence, that you see he purchases your separation with the hazard of his blood and life; fearing to want pretence to part your companies?

'Tis rather hate that doth division move,
Love still desires the presence of his love.—
Verily he is not of the family of love.

Cas. O do not wrong him. 'Tis a generous mind
That led his disposition to the war:
For gentle love and noble courage are
So near allied, that one begets another:
Or love is Sister, and courage is the Brother.
Could I affect him better than before,
His soldier's heart would make me love him more.

Lan. But Castabella,

Enter Leuiduleia.

Leu. Tush, you mistake the way into a woman,
The passage lies not through her reason, but her blood.

Exit Languebeau, Castabella about to follow.

Nay, stay! How wouldst thou call the child,
That being rais'd with cost and tenderness
To full habit of body and means,
Denies relief unto the parents, who
Bestow that bringing up?

Cas. Unnaturally.

Leu. Then Castabella is unnatural.
Nature the loving mother of us all,
Brought forth a woman for her own relief;
By generation to receive her age,
Which now thou hast ability and means
Presented most unkindly dost deny.

Cas. Believe me, Mother; I do love a man;

Leu. Preferr'st th' affection of an absent love
Before the sweet possession of a man?
The barren mind before the fruitful body?
Where our creation has no reference
To man; but in his body: being made
Only for generation: which (unless
Our children can be forgotten by conceit)
Must from the body come. If reason were
Our counsellor, we would neglect the work
Of generation, for the prodigal
Expense it draws us to, of that which is
The wealth of life. Wise nature (therefore) hath

Reserv'd

Reserv'd for an inducement to our sense,
 Our greatest pleasure in that greatest work.
 Which being offer'd thee, thy ignorance
 Refuses, for th' imaginary joy
 Of an unsatisfied affection to
 An absent man. Whose blood once spent i' th' war;
 Then he'll come home, sick, lame and impotent;
 And wed thee to a torment; like the pain
 Of *Tantalus*, continuing thy desire,
 With fruitless presentation of the thing
 It loves; still mov'd and still unsatisfied.

*Enter BELFOREST, D'AMVILLE, ROUSARD,
 SEBASTIAN, LANGUEBEAU, &c.*

Bel. Now *Leuidulcia*! hast thou yet prepar'd
 My Daughter's love to entertain this man?
 Her husband here?

Leu. I'm but her mother i' law;
 Yet if she were my very flesh and blood,
 I could advise no better for good.

Rous. Sweet wife! thy joyful husband thus salutes
 Thy cheek.

Cast. My husband? O! I am betray'd.—
 Dear friend of *Charlemont*, your purity
 Professes a divine contempt o' th' world;
 O be not brib'd by that you so neglect,
 In being the world's hated instrument,
 To bring a just neglect upon yourself! — *Kneels from one*
 Dear Father! let me but examine my *to another.*
 Affection. Sir, your prudent judgment can
 Persuade your son that 'tis improvident
 To marry one whose disposition, he
 Did ne'er observe.—Good Sir, I may be of
 A nature so unpleasant to your mind;
 Perhaps you'll curse the fatal hour wherein
 You rashly married me.

D'am. My lord *Belforest*!
 I would not have her forc'd against her choice.

Bel. Passion o' me, thou peevish girl. I charge
 Thee by my blessing, and th' authority
 I have to claim thy obedience; marry him.

Cast. Now *Charlemont*! O my presaging tears!
 This sad event hath follow'd my sad fears.

Seba. A rape, a rape, a rape!

Bel. How now?

D'am. What's that?

Seba. Why what is't but a rape to force a wench to marry, since it forces her to lie with him she would not?

Lan. Verily his tongue is an unsanctified member.

Seba. Verily your gravity becomes your perish'd soul, as hoary mouldness does rotten fruit.

Bel. Cousin, y' are both uncivil and prophane.

D'am. Thou disobedient villain; get thee out of my sight.

Now by my soul, I'll plague thee for this rudeness. [*Ex unt.*

Bel. Come; set forward to the Church.

Manet SEBASTIAN.

Seba. And verify the Proverb—The nearer the Church the further from God.—Poor wench, for thy sake, may his ability die in his appetite; that thou beest not troubled with him thou lovest not. May his appetite move thy desire to another man: so he shall help to make himself Cuckold. And let that man be one that he pays wages to: so thou shalt profit by him thou hatest. Let the chambers be matted, the hinges oil'd, the curtain-rings silenced, and the chamber-maid hold her peace at his own request, that he may sleep the quieter; and in that sleep let him be soundly cuckolded. And when he knows it, and seeks to sue a divorce, let him have no other satisfaction than this: *He lay by and slept: the law will take no hold of her, because he wink'd at it.* [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Music a banquet in the night.

Enter D'AMVILLE, BELFOREST, LEUIDULCIA, ROUSARD, CASTABELLA, LANGUAGEAU SNUFFE at one door. At the other door, CATAPLASMA and SOQUETTE, usher'd by FRESCO.

Leu. Mistress *Cataplasma*! I expected you an hour since.

Cata. Certain, ladies, at my house, Madam, detain'd me; otherwise I had attended your ladyship sooner.

Leu. We are beholding to you for your company. My Lord; I pray you bid these gentlewomen welcome: th' are my invited friends.

D'am

D'am. Gentlewomen, y' are welcome, pray set down.

Leu. Fresco! by my Lord *D'amville's* leave, I prithee go into the buttery. Thou shalt find some of my men there; if they bid thee not welcome, they are very Loggerheads.

Fref. If your Loggerheads will not, your Hogheads shall, Madam. If I get into the buttery. [*Exit.*]

D'am. That fellow's disposition to mirth should be our present example. Let's be grave and meditate, when our affairs require our seriousness. 'Tis out of season to be heavily disposed.

Leu. We should all be wound up into the key of mirth.

D'am. The music there.

Bel. Where's my Lord *Montferrers*? Tell him here's a room attends him.

Enter MONTFERRERS.

Mont. Heaven give your marriage that I am depriv'd of, joy.

D'am. My Lord *Belforest!* *Castabella's* health.

D'AMVILLE drinks.

Set open the cellar doors, and let this health go freely round the house.—Another to your Son, my Lord; To noble *Charlemont.* He is a soldier. Let the instruments of war congratulate his memory.— [*Drums and Trumpets.*]

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. My lord, here's one in the habit of a soldier, says he is newly return'd from Ostend, and has some business of import to speak.

D'am. Ostend! let him come in. My soul foretells he brings the news will make our musick full. My brother's joy would do it: and here comes he will raise it.

Enter BORACHIO disguised.

Mont. O! my spirit, it does dissuade my tongue to question him, as if it knew his answer would displease.

D'am. Soldier! what news? We heard a rumour of a blow you gave the enemy?

Bor. 'Tis very true, my lord.

Bel. Can'st thou relate it?

Bor. Yes.

D'am. I Prithee do.

Bor. The enemy, defeated of a fair Advantage by a flatt'ring stratagem,

Plants all th' artillery against the town;
 Whose thunder and lightning made our bulwarks shake;
 And threat'ned in that terrible report,
 The storm wherewith they meant to second it.
 Th' assault was general. But for the place
 That promis'd most advantage to be forc'd,
 The pride of all their army was drawn forth,
 And equally divided into front,
 And rere. They march'd. And coming to a stand,
 Ready to pass our channel at an ebb,
 We advis'd it for our safest course, to draw
 Our sluices up and mak't unpassable.
 Our Governor oppos'd and suffered them
 To charge us home e'en to the rampiers foot.
 But when their front was forcing up our breach,
 At push o' pike, then did his policy
 Let go the sluices, and tripp'd up the heels
 Of the whole body of their troop that stood
 Within the violent current of the stream.
 Their front beleagu'ed 'twixt the water and
 The town; seeing the flood was grown too deep
 To promise them a safe retraat; expos'd
 The force of all their spirits, (like the last
 Expiring gasp of a strong-hearted man)
 Upon the hazard of one charge; but were
 Oppress'd and fell. The rest that could not swim,
 Were only drown'd; but those that thought to 'scape
 By swimming, were by murderers that flank'd
 The level of the flood, both drown'd and slain.

D'am. Now by my Soul, soldier, a brave service.

Mont. O what became of my dear *Charlemont*?

Bor. Walking next day upon the fatal shore,
 Among the slaughter'd bodies of their men,
 Which the full stomach'd Sea had cast upon
 The sands, it was m' unhappy chance to light
 Upon a face, whose favor when it liv'd
 My astonish'd mind inform'd me I had seen.
 He lay in's armour; as if that had been
 His coffin, and the weeping Sea, (like one,
 Whose milder temper doth lament the death
 Of him whom in his rage he slew) runs up
 The shore; embraces him; kisses his cheek,

Goes back again and forces up the sands
To bury him; and every time it parts
Shed tears upon him; till at last (as if
It could no longer endure to see the man
Whom it had slain, yet loath to leave him;) with
A kind of unresolv'd, unwilling pace,
Winding her waves one in another, like
A man that folds his arms, or wrings his hands
For grief; ebb'd from the body and descends,
As if it would sink down into the earth,
And hide itself for shame of such a deed.

D'am. And soldier, who was this?

Mont. O Charlemont!

Bor. Your fear hath told you that whereof my grief
Was loath to be the messenger.

Cast. O God!

[Exit CASTABELLA.]

D'am. Charlemont drown'd! Why how could that be,
Since it was the adverse party that received the overthrow?

Bor. His forward spirit press'd into the front;
And being engag'd within the enemy,
When they retreated through the rising stream,
I' the violent confusion of the throng
Was overborne, and perish'd in the flood,
And here's the sad remembrance of his life, —*The Scarfe.*
Which for his sake I will for ever wear.

Mont. Torment me not with witnesses of that
Which I desire not to believe, yet must.

D'am. Thou art a screech-owl; and dost come i' night
To be the cursed messenger of death.

Away. Depart my house; or, by my soul,
You'll find me a more fatal enemy
Than ever was Ostend. Be gone. Dispatch.

Bor. Sir, 'twas my love.

D'am. Your love to vex my heart with that I hate?
Hark, do you hear? you knave?
O th' art a most delicate sweet eloquent villain!

Bor. Was't not well counterfeited?

D'am. Rarely.—Begone. I will not hear reply.

Bor. Why then farewell, I will not trouble you. [exit.]

D'am. So; the foundation's laid. Now by degrees,
The work will rise and soon be perfected.
O this uncertain state of mortal man!

Bel.

Bel. What then? it is th' inevitable fate
Of all things underneath the Moon.

D'am. 'Tis true
Brother, for health's sake, overcome your grief.

Mont. I cannot sir. I am incapable
Of comfort. My turn will be next. I feel
Myself not well.

D'am. You yield too much to grief.

Lang. All men are mortal. The hour of death is uncertain. Age makes sickness the more dangerous. And grief is subject to distraction. You know not how soon you may be depriv'd of the benefit of sense. In my understanding, therefore, you shall do well if you be sick to set your state in present order. Make your will.

D'am. I have my wish---Lights for my brother.

Mont. I'll withdraw awhile;
And crave the honest counsel of this man.

Bel. With all my heart. I pray attend him sir.

[*Exeunt* MONTFERRERS and SNUFFE.
This next room, please your Lordship.

D'am. Where you will.

[*Exeunt* BELFOREST and D'AMVILLE.
Leuid. My Daughter's gone. Come, son. Mistress *Cataplasm*, come; we'll up into her chamber. I'd fain see how she entertains the expectation of her husband's bedfellowship.

Rou. 'Faith howsoever she entertains it, I shall hardly please her; therefore let her rest.

Leuid. Nay, please her hardly and you please her best.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter three SERVANTS drunk drawing in FRESCO.

1. *Ser.* Boy! fill some drink, Boy.

Fres. Enough, good Sir; not a drop more by this light.

2. Not by this light? Why then put out the candles
and we'll drink in the dark and t'wut old boy.

Fres. No, no, no, no, no.

3. Why then take thy liquor. A health *Fresco*. [*kneel.*

Fres. Your health will make me sick, Sir?

2. Then 'twill bring you o' your knees, I hope, Sir.

Fres. May I not stand and pledge it, Sir?

2. I hope you will do as we do.

Fres. Nay then indeed I must not stand, for you cannot.

3. Well

3. Well said, old boy.

Fref. Old boy, you'll make me a young child anon; for if I continue this, I shall scarce be able to go alone.

1. My body is as weak as water, *Fresco.*

Fref. Good reason, sir, the beer as sent all the malt into your brain, and left nothing but the water in your body.

Enter D'AMVILLE and BORATIO, closely observing their drunkenness.

D'am. *Boratio*, see'st those fellows?

Bor. Yes, my Lord.

D'am. Their drunkenness, that seems ridiculous, shall be a serious instrument to bring Our sober purposes to their success.

Bor. I am prepar'd for the execution, sir.

D'am. Cast off this habit, and about it straight.

Bor. Let them drink healths, and drown their brains i' the flood;

I'll promise them they shall be pledg'd in blood. [Exit.

1. You h' left a damnable snuff here.

2. Do you take that in snuff, sir?

1. You are a damnable rogue then. [together by the ears.

D'am. Fortune, I honor thee. My plot still rises According to the model of my own desires.— Lights for my brother.—What have you drank yourselves mad, you knaves?

1. My Lord, the Jacks abus'd me.

D'am. I think they are the Jacks, indeed, that have abus'd thee. Dost hear? that fellow is a proud knave—he has abus'd thee: As thou goest over the fields, by and by, in lighting my brother home, I'll tell thee what 'sha't do. Knock him over the pate with thy torch, I'll bear thee out in't.

1. I will singe the goose, by this torch. [Exit.

D'am. Dost hear, fellow? See'st thou that proud knave? I have given him a lesson for his sauciness. H'as wrong'd thee—I'll tell thee what shall't do: As we go over the fields, by and by, clap him suddenly o'er the coxcombe with thy torch, I'll bear thee out in't.

2. I will make him understand as much. [Exit.

Enter LANGUAGEBEAU SNUFFE.

D'am. Now, Monsieur Snuffe, what has my brother done?

Lang.

Lang. Made his will, and by that will made you his heir; with this proviso, that as occasion shall hereafter move him, he may revoke or alter it when he pleases.

D'am. Yes. Let him if he can.—I'll make sure from his reckoning. [*Aside.*]

Enter MONTFERRERS and BELFOREST, attended with lights.

Mont. Brother, now good night.

D'am. The sky is dark, we'll bring you o'er the fields. Who can but strike, wants wisdom to maintain: He that strikes safe and sure, has heart and brain. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter CASTABELLA, alone.

Cast. O love! thou chaste affection of the soul,
Without th' adulterate mixture of the blood;
That virtue which to goodness addeth good:
The minion of heaven's heart. Heaven! is't my fate
For loving that thou lov'st to get thy hate?
Or was my *Charlemont* thy chosen love?
And therefore hast receiv'd him to thyself?
Then I confess thy anger's not unjust.
I was thy rival. Yet to be divorc'd
From love, has been a punishment enough,
(weet heaven) without being married unto hate,
Hadst thou been pleas'd: O double misery!
Yet since thy pleasure hath inflicted it,
If not, my heart, my duty shall submit.

Enter LEUIDULCIA, ROUSARD, CATAPLASMA, SOQUETTE and FRESCO, with a lanthorn.

Leu. Mistress *Cataplasma*, good night. I pray when your man has brought you home, let him return and light me to my house?

Cata. He shall instantly wait on your ladyship.

Leu. Good. *Mrs Cataplasma*, for my servants are all drunk; I cannot be beholding to them for their attendance.

[*Exeunt CATAPLASMA, SOQUETTE, and FRESCO.*
O! here's your bride.

Rous. And melancholy too, methinks.

Leu.

Leu. How can she choose? your sickness will
Distaste th' expected sweetness of the night.
That makes her heavy.

Rous. That should make her light.

Leu. Look you to that.

Cast. What sweetness speak you of?
The sweetness of night consists in rest.

Rous. With that sweetness thou shalt be surely blest,
Unless my groaning wake thee. Do not moan.

Leu. Sh'd rather you would wake, and make her groan.

Rous. Nay, 'troth sweetheart I will not trouble thee.
Thou shalt not lose thy maidenhead to night.

Cast. O might that weakness ever be in force;
I never would desire to sue divorce!

Rous. Wilt go to bed?

Cast. I will attend you, Sir.

Rous. Mother, good night.

Leu. Pleasure be your bed-fellow.

[*Exeunt ROUSARD and CASTABELLA.*]

Why sure their generation was asleep,
When she begot those dormice; that she made
Them up so weakly and imperfectly.
One wants desire, the t'other ability.
When my affection even with their cold bloods
(As snow rub'd through an active hand, does make
The flesh to burn) by agitation is
Inflam'd. I could unbrace and entertain
The air to cool it.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seba. That but mitigates
The heat: rather embrace and entertain
A younger brother; he can quench the fire.

Leu. Can you so, Sir? now I beshrew your ear.
Why, bold *Sebastian*, how dare you approach
So near the presence of your displeas'd father?

Seba. Under the protection of his present absence.

Leu. Belike you knew he was abroad then.

Seba. Yes.

Let me encounter you so; I'll persuade
Your means to reconcile me to his love.

Leu. Is that the way? I understand you not;
But for your reconciliation, meet me at home;
I'll satisfy your suit.

E

Seba.

Seba. Within this half hour? [*Exit SEBASTIAN.*]

Leu. Or within this whole hour. When you will.—
A lusty blood! 'has both the presence and the spirit of a
man—I like the freedom of his behaviour.—Ho—*Seba-*
stian! Gone?—'Has set my blood o'boiling in my veins.
And now (like water pour'd upon the ground, that mixes
itself with ev'ry moisture it meets) I could clasp with any
man.

Enter FRESCO with a Lanthorn

O Fresco! Art thou come? If t'other fail then thou art
entertain'd.

Lust is a spirit, which whosoe'er doth raise;
The next man that encounters boldly, lays. [*Exit.*]

*Enter BORACHIO wearily and hastily over the Stage, with a
Stone in either Hand.*

Bor. Such stones men use to raise a house upon;
But with these stones I go to ruin one. [*Descends.*]

Enter two Servants drunk, fighting with their Torches.
D'AMVILLE, MONTFERRERS, BELFOREST, and LAN-
GUEBEAU SNUFFE.

Bel. Passion o'me, you drunken knaves, you'll put
the lights out.

D'am. No, my Lord, th'are but in jest.

1st Serv. Mine's out.

D'am. Then light it at his head, that's light enough.—
Foregod, th'are out. You drunken rascals back and light'em.

Bel. 'Tis exceeding dark. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

D'am. No matter, I am acquainted with the way.
Your hand—let's easily walk—I'll lead you till they come.

Mont. My soul's oppress'd with grief. It lies heavy at
my heart—O my departed son! ere long I shall be with
thee. [*D'AMVILLE thrusts him down into the gravel pit.*]

D'am. Mercy, God forbid.

Mont. O! o! o!

D'am. Now all the host of heaven forbid. Knaves!
Rogues!—

Bel. Pray God he be not hurt! he's fall'n into the
gravel pit.

D'am. Brother! dear Brother! Rascals! Villains!
Knaves! [*Enter the Servants with lights.*]

Eternal

Eternal darkness damn you, come away. Go round about into the gravel pit, and help my brother up. Why what a strange unlucky night is this? Is't not my Lord? I think that dog that howl'd the news of grief, that fatal skreechowl usher'd on this mischief.

Enter with the murdered Body.

Lan. Mischief indeed, my Lord. Your brother's dead.

Bel. He's dead.

Ser. He's dead.

D'am. Dead be your tongues. Drop out mine eye-balls, and let envious fortune play at tennis with'em.—Have I liv'd to this? Malicious nature! hadst thou borne me blind, thou hadst yet been something favourable to me. No breath? no motion? prithee tell me, heaven, hast shut thine eye to wink at murder; or hast put this sable garment on to mourn at his death? Not one poor spark in the whole spacious sky, of all that endless number would vouchsafe to shine? You viceroys to the king of nature, whose constellations govern mortal births, where is that fatal planet rul'd at his nativity? That might have pleas'd to light him out, as well as into the world; unless it be ashamed t' have been the instrument of such a good man's cursed destiny.——

Bel. Passion transports you. Recollect yourself. Lament him not. Whether our deaths be good Or bad; it is not death, but life that tries; He liv'd well, therefore, questionless, well dies.

D'am. 'Tis an easy thing for him that has no pain to talk of patience. Do you think that nature has no feeling?

Bel. Feeling! Yes, but has she purposed any thing for nothing? What good receives this body by your grief? Whether is't more unnatural to grieve for him you cannot help with it; or hurt yourself with grieving, and yet grieve in vain?

D'am. Indeed had he been taken from me like a piece of dead flesh, I should neither have felt it, nor grieved for't: But come hither, pray look here—behold the lively tincture of his blood! Neither the dropsy nor ganders in't: but true freshness of a sanguine red; for all the fog of this black murd'rous night has mix'd with it. For any thing I

know, he might have liv'd till doomsday, and have done more good than either you or I—O brother! he was of such a native goodness; as if regeneration had been given him in his mother's womb—So harmless that rather than have trod upon a worm, he would have shunn'd the way. So dearly pitiful that e'er the poor could ask his charity with dry eyes, he gave them relief with tears—with tears—yes faith with tears.

Bel. Take up the corps. For wisdom's sake let reason fortify this weakness.

D'am. Why what would you have me do? foolish nature will have her course in spite of wisdom; but I have e'en done. All these words are but a great wind, and now the shower of tears has laid it, I am calm again. You may set forward—I'll follow you like one that must and would not.

Lan. Our opposition will but trouble him.

Bel. The grief that melts to tears, by itself is spent. Passion resisted, grows more violent. [Exit.

Manet D'AMVILLE, BORACHIO ascends.

D'am. Here's a sweet comedy. It begins with *O dolentis*, and concludes with ha, ha, he.

Bor. Ha, ha, he.

D'am. O my echo! I could stand reverberating this sweet musical air of joy, till I have perish'd my sound lungs with violent laughter. Lonely night raven thou hast seiz'd a carcase.

Bor. Put him out of his pain—I lay so fitly underneath the bank from whence he came; that ere his faltering tongue could utter double O o, I knock'd out his brains with this fair ruby; and had another stone just of this form and bigness ready: that I laid with the broken scull upon the ground for his pillow, against that which they thought he fell and perish'd.

D'am. Upon this ground I'll build my manor-house; And this shall be the chiefest corner-stone.

Bor. 'Twas crown'd the most judicious murder, that The brain of man was e'er deliver'd of.

D'am. I, mark the plot. Not any circumstance That stood within the reach of the design, Of persons, dispositions, matter, time or place, But by this brain of mine, was made

An instrumental help ; yet nothing from
Th' induction to th' accomplishment seem'd forc'd,
Or done o' purpose, but by accident.

Bor. First, my report that *Charlemont* was dead,
Though false ; yet covered with a mask of truth.

D'am. I, and deliver'd in as fit a time.
When all our minds so wholly were possess'd
With one affair, that no one could suspect
A thought implor'd for any second end.

Bor. Then the precisian to be ready, when
Your brother spake of death to move his will.

D'am. His business call'd him thither, and it fell
Within his offence, unrequested to't.
From him it came religiously ; and sav'd
Our project from superstition ; which if I
Had mov'd had been endanger'd.

Bor. Then your healths.
Though seeming but the ordinary rites
And ceremonies due to festivals.

D'am. Yet us'd by me to make the servants drunk,
An instrument the plot could not have miss'd.
'Twas easy to set drunkards by the ears,
That had nothing but their torches to fight with ;
And when those lights were out——

Bor. Then darkness did
Protect the execution of the work,
Both from prevention and discovery.

D'am. Here was a murder bravely carried, through
The eye of observation, unobserv'd.

Bor. And those that saw the passage of it, made
The instruments yet know not what they did.

D'am. That power of rule philosophers ascribe
To him they call the supreme of the stars ;
Making their influences governors
Of sublunary creatures ; when their selves
Are senseless of their operations. [*Thunder and Lightning.*
What ! dost start at thunder ? Credit my belief, it is a
mere effect of nature—an exhalation hot and dry, involv'd
within a watry vapour in the middle region of the air ;
Whose coldness congealing that thick moisture to a cloud ;
The angry exhalation shut within a prison of contrary
quality, strives to be free, and with the violent eruption
through

through the grossness of that cloud, makes this noise we hear.

Ber. 'Tis a fearful noise.

D'am. 'Tis a brave noise, and methinks graces our accomplished projects, as a peal of ordnance does a triumph. It speaks encouragement. Now nature shows thee how it favour'd our performance to forbear this noise when we set forth; because it should not terrify my brother's going home, which would have dash'd our purpose: To forbear this lightning in our passage, least it should have warn'd him of the pitfall. Then propitious nature wink'd at our proceedings; now it does express how that forbearance favour'd our success.

Ber. You have confirm'd me. For it follows well; That nature (since herself decay doth hate) Should favour those that strengthen their estate.

D'am. Our next endeavour is (since on the false report that *Charlemont* is dead, depends the fabric of the work) to credit that with all the countenance we can.

Ber. Faith Sir, even let his own inheritance whereof, you have dispossessed him, countenance the act. Spare so much out of that, to give him a solemnity of funeral—It will quit the cost, and make your apprehension of his death appear more confident and true.

D'am. I'll take thy counsel. Now farewell black night; Thou beauteous mistress of a murderer; To honour thee, that hast accomplish'd all, I'll wear thy colours at his funeral.

Enter LEUIDULCIA into her chamber mann'd by FRESCO.

Leu. Thou art welcome into my chamber, *Fresco*.—Prithee shut the door——Nay thou mistakest me—come in and shut it.

Fres. 'Tis somewhat late, Madam.

Leu. No matter, I have somewhat to say to thee.—What is not thy mistress towards a husband yet?

Fres. Faith, Madam, she has suitors; but they will not suit her, methinks. They will not come off lustily, it seems.

Leu. They will not come on lustily, thou wouldst say.

Fres. I mean, Madam, they are not rich enough.

Leu. But I, *Fresco*, they are not bold enough—Thy mistress is of a lively attractive blood, *Fresco*, and in truth the

she is of my mind for that. A poor spirit is poorer than a poor purse. Give me a fellow that brings not only temptation with him, but has the activity of wit, and audacity of spirit to apply every word and gesture of a woman's speech and behaviour to his own desire; and make her believe she is the suitor herself.—Never give back till he has made her yield to it.

Fres. Indeed among our equals, Madam; but otherwise we shall be put horribly out of countenance.

Leu. Thou art deceiv'd, *Fresco*. Ladies are as courteous as Yeomen's wives, and methinks they will be more gentle.—Hot diet, and soft ease make them; like wax always kept warm, more easy to take impression.—Prithee untie my shoe——What art thou shamefac'd too? Go roundly to work, man—my leg is not gouty—It will endure the feeling I warrant thee.—Come hither, *Fresco*, thine ear?—S'dainty. I mistook the place—I mis'd thine ear and hit thy lip.

Fres. Your Ladyship has made me blush.

Leu. That shows thou art full of lusty blood, and thou knowest not how to use it—Let me see thy hand—Thou wouldst not be shame-fac'd by thy hand, *Fresco*.—Here's a brawny flesh and a hairy skin, both signs of an able body. I do not like these flegmatic, smooth-skin'd, soft flesh'd fellows—they are like candid sockets, when they begin to perish, which I would always empty my closet of, and give them to my chamber-maid.—I have some skill in palmistry: by this line that stands directly against me, thou shouldst be near a good fortune, *Fresco*, if thou hast the grace to entertain it.

Fres. O what is that, Madam, I pray? V

Leu. No less than the love of a fair lady, if thou dost not lose her with faint heartedness.

Fres. A lady, Madam! alas, a lady is a great thing, I cannot compass her.

Leu. No! Why I am a lady—am I so great I cannot be compassed? Clasp my waist and try?

Fres. I could find it in my heart, Madam.

[SEBASTIAN knocks within.]

Leu. Udds body, my husband! Faint-hearted fool! I think thou wert begotten between the North pole, and the congeal'd passage. Now like an ambitious coward that betrays himself with fearful delay, you must suffer

for

for the treason you never committed—go hide thyself behind yonder arras, instantly. [Fresco hides himself.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Sebastian! What do you here so late?

Seba. Nothing yet, but I hope I shall. [Kisses her.

Leu. You are very bold.

Seba. And you very valiant—for you meet me at full career.

Leu. You come to have me move your father's reconciliation---I'll write a word or two in your behalf.

Seba. A word or two, Madam! that you do for me, will not be contain'd in less than the compass of two sheets. But in plain terms, shall we take the opportunity of privateness?

Leu. What to do?

Seba. To dance the beginning of the world after the English manner.

Leu. Why not after the French or Italian?

Seba. Fie, they dance it preposterously; backward.

Leu. Are you so active to dance?

Seba. I can shake my heels.

Leu. You are well made for it.

Seba. Measure me from top to toe, you shall not find me differ much from the true standard of proportion.

[BELFOREST knocks within.

Leu. I think I am accurs'd. Sebastian, there's one at the door has beaten opportunity away from us---In brief I love thee, and it shall not be long before I give thee a testimony of it---To save thee now from suspicion, do no more but draw thy rapier, chafe thyself; and when he comes in, rush by without taking notice of him---only seem to be angry, and let me alone for the rest.

Enter BELFOREST.

Seba. Now by the hand of Mercury——

[Exit SEBASTIAN.

Bel. What is the matter, wife?

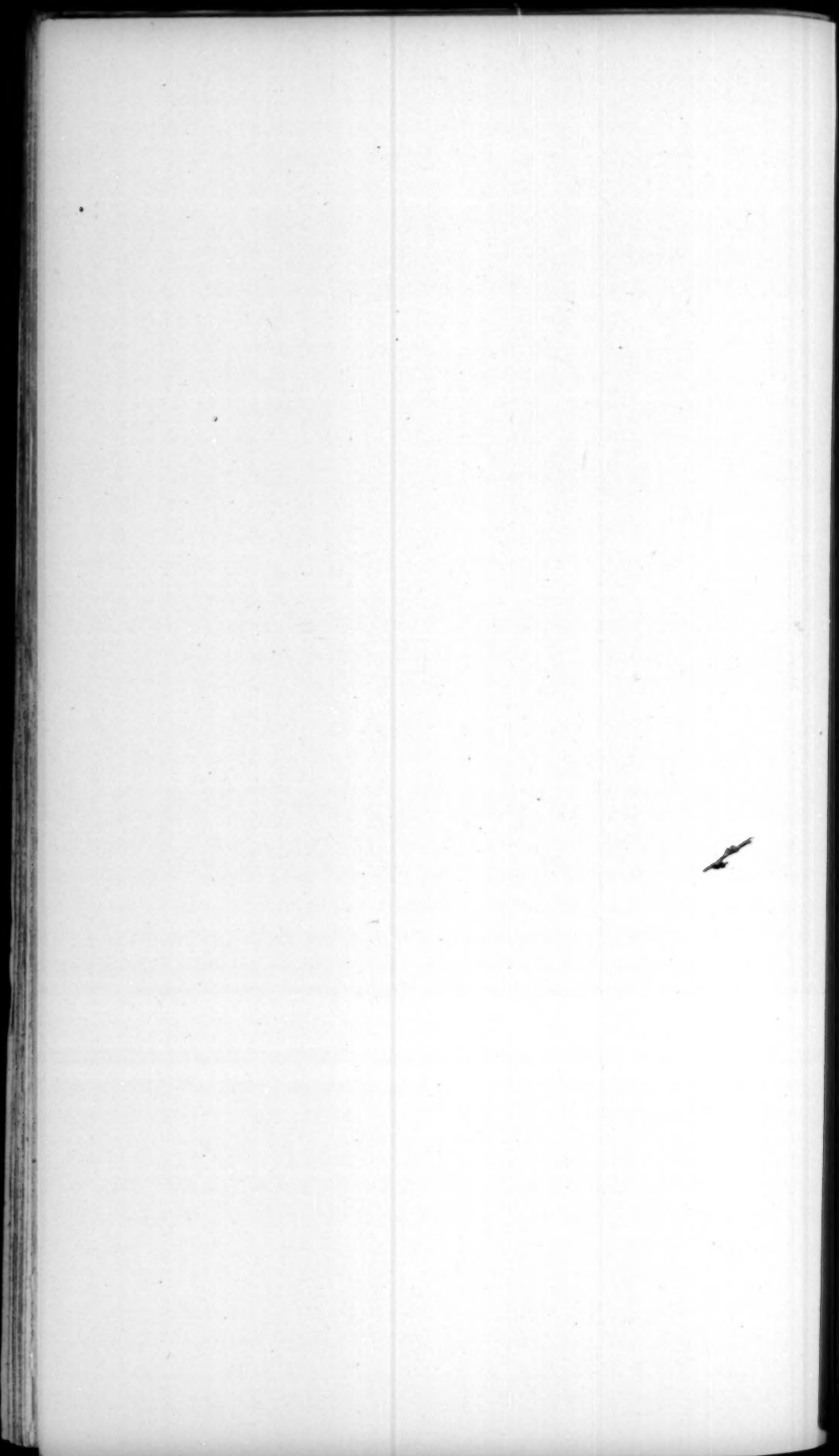
Leu. Oh, oh, husband!

Bel. Prithee, what ailst thou, woman?

Leu. O feel my pulse, it beats I warrant you. Be patient a little, sweet husband; tarry but till my breath comes to me again, and I'll satisfy you.

Bel. What ails Sebastian, he looks so distractedly?

Leu.



Seba. How would you have me live?

D'am. Why turn cryer. Cannot you turn cryer?

Seba. Yes.

D'am. Then do so, you have a good voice for't.

You are excellent at crying of a rape.

Seba. Sir I confess in particular respect to yourself, I was somewhat forgetful—General honesty possess'd me.

D'am. Go, th'art the base corruption of my blood;
And like a tetter grow'st unto my flesh.

Seba. Inflict any punishment upon me. The severity shall not discourage me, if it be not shameful; so you'll but put money in my purse. The want of money makes a free spirit more mad than the possession does an usurer.

D'am. Not a farthing.

Seba. Would you have me turn purse taker? 'Tis the next way to do it. For want is like the rack; it draws a man to endanger himself to the gallows rather than endure it.

Enter CHARLEMONT—D'AMVILLE counterfeites to take him for a Ghost.

D'am. What art thou? Stay—assist my troubled sense. My apprehension will distract me. Stay.

[LANGUEBEAU SNUFFE avoids him fearfully.]

Seba. What art thou? speak.

Charl. The spirit of *Charlemont*.

D'am. O stay! compose me—I dissolve.

Lan. No, 'tis prophane. Spirits are invisible—'Tis the fiend in the likeness of *Charlemont*. I will have no conversation with satan.

[Exit SNUFFE.]

Seba. 'I he Spirit of *Charlemont*? I'll try that.

[Strikes, and the Blow's return'd.]

Foregod thou savest true, th'rt all spirit.

D'am. Go call the officers. *[Exit D'AMVILLE.]*

Charl. Thou art a villain, and the son of a villain.

Seba. You lye. *[Fight—SEBASTIAN is down.]*

Charl. Have at thee. *[Enter the Ghost of MONTFERRERS.]*
Revenge, to thee I'll dedicate this work.

Mont. Hold *Charlemont*!

Let him revenge my murder, and thy wrongs,
To whom the justice of revenge belongs.

F

*[Exit.
Charl.]*

Charl. You torture me between the passion of my blood,
and the religion of my soul. [SEBASTIAN rises.

Seba. A good honest fellow.

Enter D'AMVILLE with Officers.

D'am. What! wounded? apprehend him. Sir, is this your salutation for the courtesy I did you, when we parted last? You have forgot I lent you a thousand crowns. First, let him answer for this riot. When the law is satisfied for that, an action for his debt shall clap him up again—I took you for a spirit, and I'll conjure you before I have done.

Charl. No, I'll turn conjuror. Devil, within this circle, in the midst of all thy force and malice I conjure thee do thy worst.

D'am. Away with him.

[*Exeunt Officers with CHARLEMONT.*

Seba. Sir, I have got a scratch or two here for your sake—I hope you'll give me money to pay the surgeon.

Da'm. *Borachio*, fetch me a thousand crowns—I am content to countenance the freedom of your spirit when 'tis worthily employed. A God's name give behaviour the full scope of generous liberty; but let it not disperse and spend itself in courses of unbounded licence—Here, pay for your hurts. [Exit D'AMVILLE.

Seba. I thank you Sir.——Generous liberty——that is to say, freely to bestow my abilities to honest purposes. Methinks I should not follow that instruction now; if having the means to do an honest office for an honest fellow, I should neglect it. *Charlemont* lies in prison for a thousand crowns—and here I have a thousand crowns. *Honesty* tells me it were well done to release *Charlemont*. But discretion says I had much ado to come by this; and when this shall be gone I know not where to finger any more, especially if I employ it to this use, which is like to endanger me into my father's perpetual displeasure; and then I may go hang myself, or be forced to do that will make another save me the labour. No matter, *Charlemont*, thou gav'st me my life, and that's somewhat of a purer earth than gold as fine as it is. 'Tis no courtesy, I do thee but thankfulness—I owe thee it and I'll pay it. He fought bravely,

ly, but the officers dragg'd him villainously — Arrant knaves! for using him so discourteously; may the sins of the poor people be so few, that you shall not be able to spare so much out of your gettings, as will pay for the hire of a lame starv'd hackney, to ride to an execution; but go a foot to the gallows and be hang'd. May elder brothers turn good husbands, and younger brothers get good wives; that there be no need of debt-books, nor use of serjeants. May there be all peace but in the war, and all charity but in the devil; so that the prisons may be turned to hospitals, though the officers live on the benevolence. If this curse might come to pass, the world would say,
Blessed be he that curseth.

Enter CHARLEMONT in Prison.

Charl. I grant thee, heaven. Thy goodness doth command
Our punishments: but yet no further than
The measure of our sins. How should they else
Be just? Or how should that good purpose of
Thy justice take effect, by bounding men
Within the confines of humanity,
When our afflictions do exceed our crimes?
Then they do rather teach the barb'rous world!
Examples that extend her cruelties
Beyond their own dimentions; and instruct
Our actions to be more, more barbarous.
O my afflicted soul! How torment swells
Thy apprehension with prophane conceit
Against the sacred justice of my God?
Our own constructions are the authors of
Our misery. We never measure our
Conditions but with men above us in
Estate. So while our spirits labour to
Be higher than our fortunes, th'are more base.
Since all those attributes which make men seem
Superior to us; are man's subjects; and
Were made to serve him. The repining man
Is of a servile spirit to deject
The value of himself below their estimation.

Enter SEBASTIAN with the Keeper.

Seba. Here. Take my sword. — How now, my wild
swaggerer? you are tame enough now; are you not? The
penury

penury of a prison is like a soft consumption. 'Twill humble the pride of your mortality, and arm your soul in compleat patience to endure the weight of affliction without feeling it. What! hast no musick in thee? Thou hast trebles and baxes enough. Treble injury; and baxe usage. But trebles and baxes make poor musick without *means*. Thou want'st means, dost?—What? dost droop? art dejected?

Charl. No, Sir. I have a heart above the reach
Of thy most violent maliciousness.
A fortitude in scorn of thy contempt;
(Since fate is pleas'd to have me suffer it)
That can bear more than thou hast power t'infect.
I was a baron. That thy father has
Depriv'd me of. In stead of that, I am
Created king. I've lost a signory,
That was confin'd within a piece of earth;
A wart upon the body of the world.
But now I am an emp'ror of a world.
This little world of man. My passions are
My subjects; and I can command them laugh;
Whilst thou dost tickle 'em to death with misery.

Seba. 'Tis bravely spoken; and I love thee for it. Thou liest here for a thousand crowns. Here are a thousand to redeem thee. Not for the ransom of my life thou gav'st me. That I value not at one crown. 'Tis none of my deed. Thank my father for it. 'Tis his goodness. Yet he looks not for thanks. For he does it under hand; out of a reserv'd disposition to do thee good without ostentation.——

Out of great heart you'll refus't now; will you?

Charl. No, Since I must submit myself to fate; I never will neglect the offer of one benefit; but entertain them as her favours; and th' inductions to some end of better fortune. As whose instrument; I thank thy courtesy.

Seba. Well, come along.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter D'AMVILLE and CASTABELLA.

D'am. Daughter you do not well to urge me. I
Ha' done no more then justice. *Charlemont*
Shall die and rot in prison; and 'tis just.

Castla.

Casta. O father! Mercy is an attribute
As high as justice ; an essential part
Of his unbounded goodness, whose divine
Impression, form, and image man should bear.
And (methinks) man should love to imitate
His mercy ; since the only countenance
Of justice, were destruction ; if the sweet
And loving favour of his mercy did
Not mediate between it and our weakness.

D'am. Forbear. You will displease me. He shall rot,

Casta. Dear Sir ! Since by your greatness you
Are nearer heav'n in place ; be nearer it
In goodness. Rich men should transcend the poor,
As clouds the earth ; rais'd by the comfort of
The sun, to water dry and barren grounds.
If neither the impression in your soul
Of goodness ; nor the duty of your place,
As goodness substitute, can move you ; then
Let nature, which in savages, in beasts,
Can stir to pity, tell you that he is
Your kinsman.

D'am. You expose your honesty
To strange construction : why should you so urge
Release for *Charlemont* ? Come, you profess
More nearness to him than your modesty
Can answer. You have tempted my suspicion.
I tell thee he shall starve, and dye, and rot.

Enter CHARLEMONT and SEBASTIAN.

Charl. Uncle, I thank you.

D'am. Much good do it you—Who did release him ?

Seba. I. [Exit CASTABELLA.

D'am. You are a villain.

Seba. You are my father. [Exit SEBASTIAN.

D'am. I must temporize.

Nephew, had not his open freedom made
My disposition known ; I would have borne
The course and inclination of my love
According to the motion of the sun,
Invisibly enjoyed and understood.

Charl. That shows your good works are directed to
No other end than goodness. I was rash,

I must confess. But ———

D'am. I will excuse you.

To lose a father, and (as you may think)
Be disinherited, it must be granted,
Are motives to impatience. But for death,
Who can avoid it? And for his estate,
In the uncertainty of both your lives,
'Twas done discreetly, to confer it upon
A known successor; being the next in blood.
And one, dear nephew, whom in time to come
You shall have cause to thank. I will not be
Your dispossessor, but your guardian.
I will supply your father's vacant place,
To guide your green improvidence of youth;
And make you ripe for your inheritance.

Charl. Sir, I embrace your gen'rous promises.

Enter ROUSARD sick, and CASTABELLA.

Rousa. Embracing! I behold the object that
Mine eye affects. Dear cousin *Charlemont*.

D'am. My elder son! he meets you happily.
For with the hand of our whole family
We interchange th' indenture of our loves.

Charl. And I accept it. Yet not joyfully
Because y' are sick.

D'am. Sir; his affection's sound,
Though he be sick.

Rousa. Sick indeed.

A gen'ral weakness did surprise my health
The very day I married *Castabella*.
As if my sickness were a punishment,
That did arrest me for some injury
I then committed. Credit me, my love,
I pity thy ill fortune to be match'd
With such a weak unpleasing bedfellow.

Cast. Believe me Sir; it never troubles me.
I am as much respectless to enjoy
Such pleasure as ignorant what it is.

Charl. Thy sex's wonder. Unhappy *Charlemont*.

D'am. Come, let's to supper. There we will confirm
The eternal bond of our concluded love. *Exit.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter CATAPLASMA and SOQUETTE with Needle-work.

Cata. Come *Soquette*; your work! let's examine your work. What's here? a medlar with a plumb-tree growing hard by it; the leaves of the plumb-tree falling off; the gum issuing out of the perished joints; and the branches of some of them dead, and some rotten; and yet but a young plumb-tree. In good sooth, very pretty.

Soqu. The plumb-tree (*forsooth*) grows so near the medlar, that the medlar sucks and draws all the sap from it: and the natural strength of the ground, so that it cannot prosper.

Cata. How conceited you are! but here thou hast made a tree to bear no fruit. Why is that?

Soqu. There grows a favin tree next it *forsooth*.

Cata. *Forsooth* you are a little too witty in that.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seba. But this honeysuckle, winds about this white-thorn very prettily and lovingly, sweet mistress *Cataplasma*.

Cata. Monsieur *Sebastian*! in good sooth very uprightly welcome this evening.

Seba. What? moralizing upon this gentlewoman's needle-work? let's see.

Cata. No sir, only examining whether it be done to the true nature and life of the thing?

Seba. Here you have set a medlar with a batchelor's-button on one side; and a snail on the other. The batchelor's-button should have held his head up more pertly towards the medlar; the snail on the other side, should have been wrought with an artificial laziness, doubling his tail, and putting out his horn but half the length. And then the medlar falling, as it were, from the lazy snail, and inclining towards the pert batchelor's-button; their branches spreading and winding one with-in another as if they did embrace. But here is a moral.

A pop-

A poppling pear-tree growing upon the bank of a river; seeming continually to look downwards into the water, as if it were enamoured of it! and ever as the fruit ripens, lets it fall for love, as it were, to her lap. Which the wanton stream, like a strumpet, no sooner receives but she carries it away, and bestows it upon some other creature she maintains: still seeming to play and dally under the poppling, so long, that it has almost washed away the earth from the root; and now the poor tree stands as if it were ready to fall and perish by that whereon it spent all the substance it had.

Cata. Moral for you that love those wanton running waters.

Seba. But is not my Lady *Leuidulcia* come yet?

Cata. Her purpose promised us her company ere this. *Lirie!* your lute and your book.

Seba. Well said. A lesson on the lute to entertain the time with till she comes.

Cata. Sol, fa, mi, la. — Mi, mi mi. — Precious! doest not see *mi* between the two crotchets? Strike me full there. — So — forward. — This is a sweet strain, and thou fingerest it beaftly. *Mi* is a large there; and the prick that stands before *mi*, a long; always halve your note. — Now — Run your division pleasingly with those quavers. Observe all your graces in the touch. Here is a sweet close — strike it full, it sets off your musick delicately.

Enter *LANGUEBEAU SNUFFE and LEUEDULCIA.*

Lang. Purity be in this house.

Cata. It is now entered; and welcome with your good ladyship.

Seba. Cease that musick. Here is a sweeter instrument.

Leuid. Restrain your liberty. See you not *Snuffe*?

Seba. What does the stinkard here? put *Snuffe* out. He is offensive.

Leuid. No. The credit of his company defends my being abroad from the eye of suspicion.

Cata. Will it please your ladyship to go up into the closet? There are those fallies and tyres I told you of.

Leuid. Monsieur *Snuffe*, I shall request your patience. My stay will not be long.

Exit with *Sebast.*

Lang.

Lang. My duty Madam. Falles and tyers? I begin to suspect what falles and tyres you mean. My lady and *Sebastian* the fall and the tyre, and I the shadow. I perceive the purity of my conversation is used but for a property to cover the uncleanness of their purposes. The very contemplation of the thing, makes the spirit of the flesh begin to wriggle in my blood. And here my desire has met with an object already. This gentlewoman, methinks, should be swayed with the motion; living in a house where moving example is so common. Temptation has prevailed over me; and I will attempt to make it overcome her. Mistress *Cataplasm*! My lady, it seems, has some business that requires her stay. The fairness of the evening invites me into the air; will it please you give this gentlewoman leave to leave her work, and walk a turn or two with me for honest recreation?

Cata. With all my heart, Sir. Go, *Soquette*; give ear to his instructions; you may get understanding by his company I can tell you.

Lang. In the way of holiness; mistress *Cataplasm*.

Cata. Good Monsieur *Snuffe*! I will attend your return.

Lang. Your hand, gentlewoman.
The flesh is humble till the spirit move it;
But when 'tis rais'd it will command about it. *Exeunt.*

Enter D'AMVILLE, CHARLEMONT, and BORACHIO.

D'am. Your sadness and the sickness of my son,
Have made our company and conference
Less free and pleasing than I purposed it.

Char. Sir; for the present I am much unfit
For conversation or society.

With pardon I will rudely take my leave.

D'am. Good night, dear nephew. *Exit Charlemont.*

Seest thou that same man?

Bora. Your meaning sir?

D'am. That fellow's life, *Borachio*.
Like a superfluous letter in the law,
Endangers our assurance.

Bora. Scrape him out.

D'am. Would do it?

Bora. Give me your purpose, I will do it.

G

D'am.

D'am. Sad melancholy has drawn *Gharlemont*,
With meditations on his father's death.
Into the solitary walk behind the church.

Bora. The church-yard? This the fittest place for death;
Perhaps he is praying. Then he's fit to die.
We'll send him charitably to his grave.

D'am. No matter how thou tak'st him. First take this.
[gives him a pistol.]

Thou knowest the place, observe his passages;
And with the most advantage make a stand;
That favoured by the darkness of the night,
His breast may fall upon thee at so near
A distance, that he shall not shun the blow.
The deed once done, thou may'st retire with safety.
The place is unfrequented; and his death
Will be imputed to the attempt of thieves.

Bora. Be careless. Let your mind be free and clear.
This pistol shall discharge you of your fear. [exit.]

D'am. But let me call my projects to account,
For what effect and end I have engaged
Myself in all this blood? To leave a state
To the succession of my proper blood.
But how shall that succession be continued?
Not in my elder son, I fear; disease
And weakness have disabled him for issue.
For the other; his loose humour will endure
No bond of marriage. And I doubt his life;
His spirit is so boldly dangerous.
O pity that the profitable end
Of such a prosperous murder should be lost!
Nature forbid. I hope I have a body,
That will not suffer me to lose my labour,
For want of issue, yet. But then it must be
A bastard.----Tush; they only father bastards,
That father other men's begettings. Daughter!
Be it mine own; let it come whence it will.
I am resolv'd. Daughter! [Enter SERVANT.]

Serv. My Lord.

D'am. I prithee call my Daughter. [Enter CASTA.]

Cast. Your pleasure; Sir.

D'am. Is thy Husband in bed?

Cast. Yes, my Lord.

D'am.

'am. The evening is fair. I prithee walk a turn or two.

Casta. Come *Jasper*.

D'am. No,

We'll walk but to the corner of the church ;
And I have something to speak privately.

Casta. No matter, stay.

[*exit* *Servant*.

D'am This falls out happily.

Exeunt.

Enter CHARLEMONT, *Borachio* *dogging him in the Church-yard.* *The clock strikes twelve.*

Charl. Twelve.

Bora. 'Tis a good hour, 'twill strike one anon.

Charl. How fit a place for contemplation is this dead of night, among the dwellings of the dead.-- This grave.-- Perhaps the inhabitant was in his life time the possessor of his own desires. Yet in the midst of all his greatness and his wealth, he was less rich and less contented, than in this poor piece of earth, lower and lesser than a cottage. For here he neither wants nor cares. Now that his body savours of corruption ; he enjoys a sweeter rest than ever he did amongst the sweetest pleasures of this life. For here, there is nothing troubles him. And there. In that grave lies another. He, perhaps, was in his life as full of misery as this of happiness. And here is an end of both. Now both their states are equal. O that man, with so much labour should aspire to worldly height ; when in the humble earth, the world's condition is at the best ! Or scorn inferior men ; since to be lower than a worm, is to be higher than a King !

Bora. Then fall and rise. *Discharges. Gives false fire.*

Charl. What villain's hand was that ? save thee or thou shalt perish.

They fight.

Bora. Zounds ! unsaved, I think.

falls.

Charl. What ? Have I killed him ? whatsoe'er thou be'st, I would thy hand had prospered. For I was unfit to live, and well prepared to die. What shall I do ? accuse myself. Submit me to the law, and that will quickly end this violent increase of misery. But it is a murder to be accessary to mine own death. I will not. I will take this opportunity to escape. It may be, heaven reserves me to some better end.

[*exit* *Charlemont*.

Enter SNUFF and SOQUETTE into the church yard.

Soqu. Nay, good fir; I dare not. In good sooth I come of a generation both by father and mother, that were all as fruitful as costard-mongers wives.

Snuff. Tush then, a timpany is the greatest danger can be feared. Their fruitfulness turns but to a certain kind of phlegmatic windy disease.

Soqu. I must put my understanding to your trust, fir; I would be loath to be deceived.

Snuff. No, conceive; thou shalt not. Yet thou shalt profit by my instruction too. My body is not every day drawn dry wench.

Soqu. Yet methinks fir, your want of use should rather make your body like a well, the lesser it is drawn, the sooner it grows dry.

Snuff. Thou shalt try that instantly.

Soqu. But we want place and opportunity.

Snuff. We have both. This is the back side of the house which the superstitious call Saint *Winifred's* church; and is verily a convenient unfrequented place. Where under the close curtains of the night:

Soqu. You purpose in the dark to make me light.

Pulls out a sheet, a hair, and a beard.

But what have you there?

Snuff. This disguise is for security sake, wench. There is a talk thou knowest, that the ghost of old *Montferrers* walks. In this church he was buried. Now if any stranger fall upon us before our business be ended; in this disguise I shall be taken for that ghost, and never be called to examination I warrant thee. Thus we shall escape both prevention and discovery. How do I look in this habit, wench?

Soq. So like a ghost, that notwithstanding I have some fore knowledge of you, you make my hair stand almost an end.

Snuff. I will try how I can kifs in this beard. O fie, fie, fie. I will put it off; and then kifs; and then put it on. I can do the rest without kissing.

Enter CHARLEMONT doubtfully with his sword drawn, is upon them before they are aware. They run out divers ways, and leave the disguise.

Charl. What have we here? a sheet? a hair? a beard? What

What end was this disguise intended for? No matter what, I'll not expostulate the purpose of a friendly accident; perhaps it may accommodate my escape.—I fear I am pursued. For more assurance I'll hide me here in the charnel house, this convocation-house of dead mens skulls.

To get into the charnel-house, he takes hold of a Death's

Head—it slips and staggers him.

Death's head, deceiv'st my hold? Such is the trust to all mortality.

[Hides himself in the Charnel-house.]

Enter D'AMVILLE and CASTABELLA.

Cast. My Lord, the night grows late---Your Lordship spake of something you desired to move in private.

D'am. Yes, Now I'll speak it—The argument is love. The smallest ornament of thy sweet form (that abstract of all pleasure) can command the senses into passion; and thy entire perfection is my object; yet I love thee with the freedom of my reason—I can give thee reason for my love.

Cast. Love me! my Lord, I do believe it, for I am the wife of him you love.

D'am. 'Tis true—By my persuasion thou wert forc'd to marry one unable to perform the office of a husband—I was author of the wrong—my conscience suffers under it, and I would disburden it by satisfaction.

Cast. How?

D'am. I will supply that pleasure to thee, which he cannot.

Cast. Are you a devil or a man?

D'am. A man, and such a man as can return thy entertainment with as prodigal a body, as the covetous desire of woman ever was delighted with; so, that besides the full performance of thy empty husband's duty, thou shalt have the joy of children to continue the succession of thy blood. For the appetite that steals her pleasure, draws the forces of the body to an united strength; and puts them altogether into action, never fails of procreation. All the purposes of man aim but at one of these two ends, pleasure or profit; and in this one sweet conjunction of our loves, they both will meet. Would it not grieve thee that a stranger to thy blood, should lay the first foundation of his house upon the ruins of thy family?

Casta. Now heaven defend me! May my memory be utterly extinguished, and the heir of him that was my father's enemy, raise his eternal monument upon our ruins; ere the greatest pleasure or the greatest profit, ever tempt me to continue it by incest.

D'am. Incest! tush, these distances affinity observes, are articles of bondage cast upon our freedoms by our own subjections. Nature allows a general liberty of generation to all creatures else. Shall man, to whose command and use all creatures were made subject, be less free than they?

Cata. O God! is thy unlimited and infinite omnipotence less free because thou dost no ill? or if you argue merely out of nature, do you not degenerate from that? and are you not unworthy the prerogative of nature's master-piece, when basely you prescribe yourself authority and law from their examples whom you should command? I could confute you; but the horror of the argument confounds my understanding. —

Casta. Sir, I know you do but try me in your son's behalf, suspecting that my strength and youth of blood cannot contain themselves with impotence. — Believe me, Sir, I never wronged him—If it be your lust, O quench it on their prostituted flesh, whose trade of sin can please desire with more delight and less offence. — The poison of your breath, evaporated from so foul a soul, infects the air more than the damps that rise from bodies but half rotten in their graves.

D'am. Kiss me—I warrant thee my breath is sweet.— These dead mens bones lie here of purpose to invite us to supply the number of the living—Come, we'll get young bones and do it—I will enjoy thee. No?—nay then, invoke your supposed protector---I will do it.

Casta. Suppos'd protector!—Are you an atheist? then I know my prayers and tears are spent in vain. O patient heaven! why dost thou not express thy wrath in thunder-bolts, to tear the frame of man in pieces? How can earth endure the burthen of this wickedness without an earthquake? or the angry face of heav'n be not inflam'd with lightning?

D'am. Conjure up the devil and his dam; cry to the graves, the dead can hear thee; invoke their help.

Casta. O would this grave might open, and my body were bound to the dead carcase of a man for ever, ere it entertain the lust of this detested villain.

D'am.

D'am. *Tereas*-like, thus I will force my passage to——

Charl. The devil.

CHARLEMONT rises in the disguise and frights D'AMVILLE away.

Now lady, with the hand of *Charlemont*, I thus redeem you from the arm of lust.—My *Castabella*!

Cast. My dear *Charlemont*!

Charl. For all my wrongs, I thank thee, gracious heaven, thou hast made me satisfaction, to reserve me for this blessed purpose. Now sweet death, I'll bid thee welcome.—Come, I'll guard thee home, and then I'll cast myself into the arms of apprehension; that the law may make this worthy work the crown of all my actions, being the best and last.

Cast. The last! the law!—Now heaven forbid! what have you done?

Charl. Why, I have kill'd a man; not murdered him, my *Castabella*, he would have murdered me.

Cast. Then *Charlemont*, the hand of heav'n directed thy defence.

That wicked atheist, I suspect his plot.

Charl. My life he seeks—I would he had it since he has depriv'd me of those blessings that should make me love it—Come, I'll give it him.

Cast. You shall not—I will first expose myself to certain danger, than for my defence destroy the man that sav'd me from destruction.

Charl. Thou canst not satisfy me better than to be the instrument of my release from misery.

Cast. Then work it by escape—Leave me to his protection that still guards the innocent; or I will be a partner in your destiny.

Charl. My soul is heavy—Come, lie down to rest; These are the pillows whereon men sleep best.

[*They lie down with either of them a Death's head for a Pillow.*]

Enter SNUFEE seeking SOQUETTE.

Snuff. *Soquette! Soquette! Soquette!* O art thou there?—

[*He mistakes the Body of BORACHIO for SOQUETTE.*]

Verily thou lyest in a fine premeditate readiness for the purpose—Come kiss me, sweet *Soquette*.—Now purity defend me from the sin of Sodom.—This is a creature of the

the masculine gender.——Verily the man is blasted.——
Yes, cold and stiff?——Murder, murder, murder. *Exit.*

*Enter D'AMVILLE distractedly—starts at the sight of a
Death's head.*

D'am. Why dost thou stare at me? thou art not the
scull of him I murdered---What hast thou to do to vex
my conscience? sure thou wert the head of a most dogged
usurer, thou art so uncharitable. And that bawde, the
skiy, there; she could shut the windows and the doors of
this great chamber of the world, and draw the curtains of
the clouds between those lights and me about this bed of
earth, when that same stumper murder and myself com-
mitted sin together---Then she could leave us in the dark
till the close deed was done: But now that I begin to feel
the loathsome horror of my sin; and (like a leacher emp-
tied of his lust) desire to bury my face under mine eye-
brows, and would steal from my shape unseen; she meets
me in the face with all her light corrupted eyes, to chal-
lenge payment on me.——O behold! yonder's the ghost
of old *Montferrers* in a long white sheet, climbing yon
lofty mountain to complain to heaven of me.——*Mont-
ferrers!* pox of fearfulness, 'tis nothing but a fair white
cloud. Why was I born a coward? he lies that says so;
yet the countenance of a bloodless worm might have the
courage now to turn my blood to water. The trembling
motion of an aspen leaf, would make me like the shadow
of that leaf, lie shaking under it. I could now commit a
murder, were it but to drink the fresh warm blood of him
I murdered to supply the want and weakness of mine
own, 'tis grown so cold and flegmatic.

Lang. Murder, murder, murder. ——— *Within.*

D'am. Mountains overwhelm me! the Ghost of old
Montferrers haunts me.

Lang. Murder, murder, murder.

D'am. O were my body circumvolv'd within that cloud;
that when the thunder tears his passage open, it might
scatter me to nothing in the air.

Enter Languebeau Snuffe with the Watch.

Lang. Here you shall find the murder'd body.

D'am. Black Beelzebub, and all his hell-hounds come
to apprehend me!

Lang.

Lang. No, my good Lord; we come to apprehend the murderer. The ghost, (great Pluto) was a fool; unfit to be employed in any serious business for the state of hell. Why? could not he have suffered me to raise the mountain of my sins with one as damnable as all the rest; and then have tumbled me to ruin? But apprehend me e'en between the purpose and the act, before it was committed?

Watch. Is this the murderer? He speaks suspiciously.

Lang. No, verily: This is my Lord D'amville. And his distraction, I think, grows out of his grief for the loss of a faithful servant. For surely I take him to be Borachio that is slain.

D'am. Hah! Borachio slain? Thou look'st like Snuffe, dost not?

Lang. Yes, in sincerity, my Lord.

D'am. Hark thee?—Sawest thou not a Ghost?

Lang. A Ghost! Where, my Lord?—I smell a Fox.

D'am. Here in the church-yard.

Lang. Tush, tush; their walking spirits are mere imaginary fables—There's no such thing in *rerum natura*. Here is a man slain—And with the Spirit of consideration, I rather think him to be the murderer got into that disguise, than any such phantastic toy.

D'am. My brains begin to put themselves in order—I apprehend thee now.—'Tis e'en so.——*Borachio*, I will search the center but I'll find the murderer.

Watch. Here, here, here.

D'am. Stay! Asleep! so soundly? and so sweetly upon death's heads, and in a place so full of fear and horror? Sure there is some other happiness within the freedom of the conscience, than my knowledge ever attained to.—ho, ho!

Charl. You are welcome, uncle. Had you sooner come, You had been sooner welcome. I'm the man You seek, you shall not need examine me.

D'am. My nephew! and my daughter! O my dear Lamented blood! what fate has cast you thus Unhappily upon this accident?

Charl. You know sir, she's as clear as chastity.

D'am. As her own chastity, the time; the place; All circumstances argue that unclear.

H

Costa.

Casta. Sir, I confess it ; and repentantly
Will undergo the self-same punishment;
That justice shall inflict on *Charlemont*.

Charl. Unjustly she betrays her innocence.

Watch. But Sir, she's taken with you ; and she must
To prison with you.

D'am. There's no remedy.

Yet were it not my Son's bed she abus'd,
My land should fly but both should be excus'd.

Exeunt.

Enter BELFOREST and a Servant.

Bel. Is not my wife come in yet ?

Serv. No, my lord.

Bel. Methinks she's very affectedly inclin'd
To young *Sebastian's* company of late.
But jealousy is such a torment, that
I am afraid to entertain it. Yet
The more I shun by circumstance to meet
Directly with it, the more ground I find
To circumvent my apprehension. First,
I know she's a perpetual appetite ;
Which being so oft encounter'd with a man
Of such a bold luxurious freedom, as
Sebastian is ; and of so promising
A body : her own blood, corrupted, will
Betray her to temptation.——

Enter FRESCO closely.

Fres. Precious ! I was sent by his lady to see if her lord
were in bed, I should have done it slyly without discovery ;
and now I am blurted upon them before I was aware.

[Exit.

Bel. Know not you the gentlewoman, my wife brought
home ?

Serv. By sight, my lord.—Her man was here but now.

Bel. Her man ! I prithee run and call him quickly. —
This villain, I suspect him ever since I found him hid be-
hind the tapestry.—*Fresco !* thou art welcome, *Fresco*.—
Leave us.—Dost hear, *Fresco !* is not my wife at thy Mis-
tresses ?

Fresco. I know not, my lord.

Bel.

Bel. I prithee tell me, *Fresco*, we are private; tell me, is not thy Mistress a good wench?

Fres. How means your lordship that? A wench of the trade?

Bel. Yes faith, *Fresco*; e'en a wench of the trade.

Fres. O no, my lord, those falling diseases cause baldness; and my mistress recovers the loss of hair, for she is a perriwig-maker.

Bel. And nothing else?

Fres. Sells falls and tyres, and bodies for ladies, or so.

Bel. So, Sir, and she helps my lady to falls and bodies now and then—does she not?

Fres. At her ladyship's pleasure, my lord.

Bel. Her pleasure, you rogue, you are the pander to her pleasure; you varlet, are you not? you know the conveyances between *Sebastian* and my wife. — Tell me the truth, or by this hand, 'll nail thy bosom to the earth—stir not, you dog, but quickly tell me the truth.

Fres. O yes! [Speaks like a Cryer.]

Bel. Is not thy Mistress a bawd to my wife?

Fres. O yes!

Bel. And acquainted with her tricks; and her plots, and her devices.

Fres. O yes! If any man, court, city, or country, has found my lady *Leuidulcia* in bed, but my lord *Belforest*, it is *Sebastian*.

Bel. What dost thou proclaim it? Dost thou cry it, thou villain?

Fres. Can you laugh it, my lord? I thought you meant to proclaim yourself cuckold.

Enter the Watch.

Bel. The watch! met with my wish—I must request the assistance of your offices. [Fresco runs away.]

S'death!—stay that villain—pursue him. —Exeunt.

Enter SNUFFE importuning SOQUETTE.

Soqu. Nay, if you get me any more into the churchyard.

Snuff. Why *Soquette*? I never got thee there yet.

Soqu. Got me there? No, not with child.

Snuff. I promis'd thee I would not, and I was as good as my word.

Soqu. Yet your word was better than your deed; but steal up into the little matted chamber over the left hand.

Snuff. I prithee let it be the right hand; thou left'st me before, and I did not like that.

Soqu. Precious, quickly—so soon as my *Mistress* shall be in bed I'll come to you.

Enter SEBASTIAN, LEUIDULCIA, and CATAPLASMA.

Cata. I wonder *Fresco* stays so long.

Seba. *Mistress Soquette*, a word with you. [*whispers.*]

Leui. If he brings word my husband is a bed, I will adventure one night's liberty to lie abroad.—My strange affection to this man—'Tis like that natural sympathy which e'en among the fenceless creatures of the earth, commands a mutual inclination and consent: For though it seems to be the free effect of mine own voluntary love; yet I can neither restrain it, nor give reason for it; but now 'tis done, and in your power it lies to save my honour; or dishonour me.

Cata. Enjoy your pleasure, Madam, without fear—I never will betray the trust you have committed to me; and you wrong yourself to let consideration of the sin molest your conscience—Methinks it is unjust, that a reproach should be inflicted on a woman for offending but with one; when 'tis a light offence in husbands, to commit with many.

Leui. So it seems to me.—Why how now, *Sebastian*, making love to that Gentlewoman? How many *Mistresses* have you i' faith?

Seba. In faith, none; for I think none of them are faithful, but otherwise, as many as clean shirts. The love of a woman is like a mushroom, it grows in one night, and will serve somewhat pleasingly next morning to breakfast; but afterwards waxes fulsome and unwholesome.

Cata. Nay, by St. Winifred, a woman's love lasts as long as winter fruit.

Seba. 'Tis true, till new come in. By my experience no longer.

Enter

Enter FRESCO running.

Fres. Some body's doing has undone us ; and we are like to pay dearly for 't.

Sebast. Pay dear for what ?

Fres. Wil't not be a chargeable reckoning, think you ; when here are half a dozen fellows coming to call us to account ; with every man a several bill in his hand, that we are not able to discharge. *[Knock at the door.*

Cata. Passion o'me. What bouncing's that ? Madam ! withdraw yourself.

Leuid. *Sebastian*, if you love me, save my honour.

[Exeunt.

Seba. What violence is this ? What seek you ? wounds ! you shall not pass.

Enter BELFOREST and the Watch.

Bel. Pursue the strumpet. Villain, give me way ; or I will make my passage through thy blood.

Seba. My blood will make it slippery, my lord. 'Twere better you would take another way. You mayhap fall else. *[They fight. Both slain. Sebastian falls first.*

Seba. I ha't, faith.

[Dies.

While Belforest is staggering, enter LEUIDULCIA.

Leuid. O God ! my husband ! my *Sebastian* ! Husband ! neither can speak ; yet both report my shame. Is this the saving of my honour ? when their blood runs out in rivers ; and my lust the fountain whence it flows ? Dear husband ! let not thy departed spirit be displeased, if with adulterate lips I kiss thy cheek. Here I behold the hatefulness of lust ; which brings me kneeling to embrace him dead, whose body living I did loath to touch. Now I can. But what can tears do good ? when I weep only water, they weep blood ? but could I make an ocean with my tears, that on the flood this broken vessel of my body, laden heavy with light lust might suffer shipwreck, and so drown my shame ; then weeping were to purpose ; but alas ! the sea wants water enough to wash away the foulness of my name. O ! in their wounds, I feel my honour wounded to the death. Shall I out-live my honour ? must my life be made the world's example ? since it must ;
then

then thus in detestation of my deed ; to make the example
move more forcibly to virtue ; thus, I seal it with a death
as full of horror as my life of sin. *Stabs herself.*

*Enter the Watch with CATAPLASMA, FRESCO, SNUFFE,
and SOQUETTE.*

Watch. Hold, madam ! lord, what a strange night is this.

Snuff. May not *Snuff* be suffer'd to go out of himself ?

Watch. Nor you, nor any. All must go with us.

O with what virtue lust should be withstood !

Since 'tis a fire quench'd seldom without blood. *Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCENE I.

Musie. A closet discovered. A Servant sleeping with lights,
and money before him.

Enter D'AMVILLE.

D'am. What, sleep'st thou ?

Serv. No, my lord : nor sleep, nor wake ;
But in a slumber troublesome to both.

D'am. Whence comes this gold ?

Serv. 'Tis part of the revenue
Due to your lordship since your brother's death ;

D'am. To bed. Leave me my gold.

Serv. And me my rest.

Two things wherewith one man is seldom blest. *[Exit.*

D'am. Cease that harsh music. W'are not pleas'd
with it. *[He handles the gold.*

Here sounds a music whose melodious touch,
Like angels voices ravishes the scene.

Behold thou ignorant astronomer,

Whose wandering speculation seeks among

The planets for mens fortunes ! with amasement,

Behold thine error, and be plannet struck.

These are the stars whose operations make

The fortunes and the destinies of men.

Yond' lesser eyes of heav'n, (like subjects rais'd
Into their lofty houses, when their prince

Rides

Rides underneath th'ambition of their loves)
 Are mounted only to behold the face
 Of your more rich imperious eminence,
 With unprevented fight. Unmask, fair queen;

[Unpurges the gold.

Vouchsafe their expectations may enjoy
 The gracious favour they admire to see.
 These are the stars, the ministers of fate;
 And man's high wisdom the superior power,
 To which their forces are subordinate.

[Sleeps.

Enter the Ghost of MONTFERRERS.

Mont. *D'amville!* With all thy wisdom th'art a fool.
 Not like those fools that we term innocents;
 But a most wretched miserable fool,
 Which instantly, to the confusion of
 Thy projects, with despair thou shalt behold.

[Exit Ghost.

D'amville starts up.

D'am. What foolish dream dares interrupt my rest?
 To my confusion! How can that be? Since
 My purposes have hitherto been borne
 With prosp'rous judgment to secure success,
 Which nothing lives to dispossess me of;
 But apprehended *Charlemont*. And him,
 This brain has made the happy instrument
 To free suspicion; to annihilate
 All interest and title of his own;
 To seal up my assurance; and confirm
 My absolute possession by the law.
 Thus while the simple honest worshipper
 Of a fantastic providence, groans under
 The burden of neglected misery,
 My real wisdom has raised up a state,
 That shall eternize my posterity.

Enter Servants with the body of Sebastian.

What's that?

Serv. The body of your younger son, slain by the Lord
Belforest.

D'am

D'am. Slain! You lie.——*Sebastian.* Speak, *Sebastian!*
H'as lost his hearing. A Physician presently. Go call
a surgeon.

Roufa. Oh!

[*Within.*

D'am. What groan was that? How does my elder
son? the sound came from his chamber.

Serv. He went sick to bed, my lord.

Roufa. Oh!

[*Within.*

D'am. The cries of Mandrakes never touch'd the ear,
With more sad horror than that voice does mine.

Enter a Servant running.

Serv. If ever you will see your son alive.——

D'am. Nature forbid I e'er should see him dead.

[*A Bed drawn forth with Roufard.*

Withdraw the curtains. O! how does my son?

Serv. Methinks, he's ready to give up the ghost.

D'am. Destruction take thee, and thy fatal tongue.
Death, where's the doctor?——Art not thou the face of
that prodigious apparition star'd upon me in my dream?

Serv. The doctor's come, my lord.

Enter Doctor.

D'am. Doctor! behold two patients, in whose cure
thy skill may purchase an eternal fame. If thou hast
any reading in *Hipocrates*, *Galen*, or *Avicen*; if herbs,
or drugs, or minerals have any power to save; now let
thy practice and their sovereign use, raise thee to wealth
and honour.

Doctor. If any root of life remains within 'em capable
of physic; fear 'em not, my lord.

Roufa. Oh!

D'am. His gasping sighs, are like the falling noise of
some great building when the ground-work breaks. On
these two pillars stood the stately frame and architecture
of my lofty house. An earthquake shakes them. The
foundation shrinks. Dear nature! in whose honour I
have rais'd a work of glory to posterity, O bury not the
pride of that great action, under the fall and ruin of
itself.

Doctor. My lord, these bodies are deprived of all
the radical abilities of nature. The heat of life is utterly

extinguish'd. Nothing remains within the power of man that can restore them.

D'am. Take this gold; extract the spirit of it, and inspire new life into their bodies.

Doctor. Nothing can, my lord.

D'am. You have not yet examin'd the true state and constitution of their bodies. Sure, you have not. I'll reserve their waters till the morning. Questionless, their urines will inform you better.

Doctor. Ha, ha, ha.

D'am. Do'st laugh! thou villain? Must my wisdom, that has been the object of mens admiration, now become the subject of thy laughter?

Rous. Oh!

[*Dies.*

All. He's dead.

D'am. O there expires the date of my posterity! Can nature be so simple or malicious to destroy the reputation of her proper memory? She cannot. Sure there is some power above her that controuls her force.

Doctor. A power above nature! Doubt you that, my lord? Consider but whence man receives his body and his form. Not from corruption, like some worms and flies, but only from the generation of a man. For nature never did bring forth a man without a man; nor could the first man, being but the passive subject, not the active mover, be the maker of himself; so of necessity, there must be a superior power to nature.

D'am. Now to myself I am ridiculous. Nature, thou art a traitor to my soul. Thou hast abused my trust. I will complain to a superior court, to right my wrong. I'll prove thee a forger of false assurances. In yond' star-chamber thou shalt answer it. Withdraw the bodies. O the sense of death begins to trouble my distracted soul.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Judges and Officers.

1. Jud. Bring forth the malefactors to the bar.

Enter CATAPLASMA, SOQUETTE and FRESCO.

Are you the gentlewoman in whose house
The murders were committed?

Cata. Yes, my lord.

I

1. Jud.

1. *Jud.* That worthy attribute of gentry, which
Your habit draws from ignorant respect,
Your name deserves not: nor yourself the name
Of woman. Since you are the poison that
Infects the honour of all womanhood.

Cata. My lord; I am a gentlewoman: yet I must
confess my poverty compels my life to a condition lower
than my birth or breeding.

2. *Jud.* Tush, we know your birth.

1. *Jud.* But under colour to profess the sale
Of tyres and toys for gentlewomens pride;
You draw a frequentation of mens wives
To your licentious house; and there abuse
Their husbands. —

Fref. Good my Lord, her rent is great. The good
gentlewoman has no other thing to live by but her lodg-
ings: so she's forc'd to let her fore-rooms out to others,
and herself contented to lie backwards.

2. *Jud.* So.

1. *Jud.* Here is no evidence accuses you,
For accessaries to the murder; yet
Since from the spring of lust which you preserv'd,
And nourish'd, ran th' effusion of that blood;
Your punishment shall come as near to death,
As life can bear it. Law cannot inflict
Too much severity upon the cause
Of such abhor'd effects.

2. *Jud.* Receive your sentence.
Your goods (since they were gotten by that means,
Which brings diseases,) shall be turn'd to the use
Of hospitals. You carted through the streets;
According to the common shame of strumpets,
Your bodies whip'd till with the loss of blood,
You faint under the hand of punishment.
Then that the necessary force of want,
May not provoke you to your former life,
You shall be set to painful labour; whose
Penurious gains shall only give you food
To hold up nature, mortify your flesh,
And make you fit for a repentant end.

All. O good my lord!

1. *Jud.* No more; away with 'em.

[*Exeunt.*
Enter

Enter LANGUEBEAU SNUFFE.

2. *Jud.* Now, Monsieur *Snuffe*! a man of your profession found in a place of such impiety?

Snuffe. I grant you, the place is full of impurity.

So much the more need of instruction and reformation. The purpose that carried me thither, was with the spirit of conversion to purify their uncleanness: and I hope your lordship will say, the law cannot take hold of me for that.

1. *Jud.* No fir, it cannot, but yet give me leave To tell you, that I hold your wary answer, Rather premeditated for excuse, Than spoken out of a religious purpose.

Where took you your degrees of scholarship?

Snuffe. I am no scholar, my lord. To speak the sincere truth, I am *Snuffe* the Tallow-Chandler.

2. *Judge.* How comes your habit to be alter'd thus?

Snuffe. My Lord *Belforest* taking a delight in the cleanness of my conversation; withdrew me from that unclean life, and put me in a garment fit for his society and my present profession.

1. *Jud.* His lordship did but paint a rotten post; Or cover foulness fairly. Monsieur *Snuffe*! Back to your candle-making. You may give The world more light with that, than either with Instruction or th' example of your life.

Snuffe. Thus the *Snuffe* is put out. [*Exit Snuffe.*]

Enter D'amville *distractedly with the hearses of his two sons borne after him.*

D'am. Judgment; Judgment.

2. *Jud.* Judgment, my lord? in what?

D'am. Your Judgments must resolve me in a case. Bring in the bodies. Nay, I will ha't tried. This is the case, my lord. My providence, even in a moment, by the only hurt of one, or two, or three, at most: and those put quickly out of pain too. Mark me, I had wisely rais'd a competent estate to my posterity. And is there not more wisdom and more charity in that, than for your Lordship, your Father, or your Grandfire, to prolong the torment, and the rack of rent from age to age, upon your poor penurious tenants? yet, perhaps, without a penny profit to your heir. Is it not more wise? more charitable? speak.

1. *Jud.* He is distracted.

D'am. How! distracted? Then you have no judgment. I can give you sense and solid reason for the very least distinguishable syllable I speak. Since my thrift was more charitable, more judicious than your grandfathers; why, I would fain know why your lordship lives to make a second generation from your father; and the whole fry of my posterity extinguish'd in a moment? Not a brat left to succeed me.—I would fain know that?

2. *Jud.* Grief for his children's death distempers him.

1. *Jud.* My lord, we will resolve you of your question. In the mean time vouchsafe your place with us.

D'am. I am contented, so you will resolve me.

[*Ascends.*]

Enter CHAREMONT and CASTABELLA.

2. *Jud.* Now Monsieur *Charlement*. You are accus'd Of having murder'd one *Borachio*, that Was servant to my lord *D'amville*. How can You clear yourself? guilty, or not guilty?

Char. Guilty of killing him, but not of murder. My lords, I have no purpose to desire Remission for myself. [*D'amville descends to Char.*]

D'am. Uncivil Boy! thou want'st humanity to smile at grief. Why dost thou cast a cheerful eye upon the object of my sorrow? my dead sons?

1. *Jud.* O good my lord! let charity forbear To vex the spirit of a dying man. A cheerful eye upon the face of death, Is the true countenance of a noble mind. For honour's sake, my lord, molest it not.

D'am. You are all uncivil. O! is it not enough that heaven justly hath conspir'd with fate, to cut off my posterity for him to be the heir to my possessions; but he must pursue me with his presence; and in the ostentation of his joy, laugh in my face, and glory in my grief?

Char. *D'amville!* to shew thee with what light respect, I value death and thy insulting pride; Thus like a warlike navy on the sea, Bound for the conquest of some wealthy land, Pass'd through the stormy troubles of this life, And now arrived on the armed coast In expectation of the victory,

Whole

Whose honour lies beyond this exigent;
Through mortal danger with an active spirit,
Thus I aspire to undergo my death. [*Leaps up the Scaffold.*
CASTABELLA *leaps after him.*]

Cast. And thus I second thy brave enterprize.
Be chearful, *Charlemont.* Our lives cut off,
In our young prime of years, are like green herbs,
Wherewith we strow the hearfes of our friends.
For as their virtue gather'd when th'are green,
Before they wither or corrupt, is best;
So we in virtue are the best for death,
While yet we have not liv'd to such an age,
That the encreasing canker of our sins
Hath spread too far upon us.——

Da'm. A boon, my lords, I beg a boon.

1. *Jud.* What's that, my lord?

D'am. His body when 'tis dead, for an anatomy.

2. *Jud.* For what, my lord?

D'am. Your understanding still comes short of mine.

I would find out by his anatomy,
What thing there is in nature more exact
Than in the constitution of myself.
Methinks, my parts, and my dimensions, are
As many, as large, as well compos'd as his;
And yet in me the resolution wants
To die with that assurance as he does.
The cause of that, in his anatomy
I would find out.——

1. *Jud.* Be patient and you shall.

D'am. I have bethought me of a better way—Nephew,
we must confer.——Sir, I am grown a wondrous student
now of late—my wit has reach'd beyond the scope of nature;
yet for all my learning I am still to seek, from
whence the peace of conscience should proceed.

Charl. The peace of conscience rises in itself.

D'am. Whether it be thy art or nature, I admire thee
Charlemont—Why, thou hast taught a woman to be valiant—I will beg thy life.—My lords, I beg my nephew's life.——I'll make thee my physician—Thou shalt read philosophy to me. I will find out the efficient cause of a contented mind. But if I cannot profit in it; then 'tis on more being my physician, but infuse a little poison in a potion when thou giv'st me physick, unawares to me. *Sc.*

I

I shall steal into my grave without the understanding or the fear of death. And that's the end I aim at. For the thought of death is a most fearful torment; is it not?

2. *Jud.* Your lordship interrupts the course of law.

1. *Jud.* Prepare to die.

Charl. My resolution's made.

But ere I die, before this honour'd bench;
With the free voice of a departing soul,
I here protest this gentlewoman clear
Of all offence the law condemns her for.

Costa. I have accus'd myself—The law wants power
To clear me. My dear *Charlement*, with thee
I will partake of all thy punishments.

Charl. Uncle, for all the wealthy benefits
My death advances you, grant me but this?
Your mediation for the guiltless life
Of *Castabella*, whom your conscience knows
As justly clear as harmless innocence.

D'am. Freely. My mediation for her life, and all my
interest in the world to boot, let her but in exchange possess
me of the resolution that she dies withal.—The price of
things is best known in their want. Had I her courage, so
I value it, the Indies should not buy it out of my hands.

Charl. Give me a glass of water?

D'am. Me, of wine.——

This argument of death congeals my blood.
Cold fear with apprehension of thy end,
Hath frozen up the rivers of my veins. [*a glass of wine.*
I must drink wine to warm me, and dissolve the obstruc-
tion, or an apoplexy will possess me.—Why, thou un-
charitable knave, dost bring me blood to drink?
The very glass looks pale, and trembles at it.

Ser. 'Tis your hand, my lord.

D'am. Canst blame me to be fearful; bearing still the
presence of a murderer about me?

Charl. Is this water?

Ser. Water, Sir.

[*A Glass of Water.*

Charl. Come thou clear emblem of cool temperance,
Be thou my witness, that I use no art
To force my courage; nor have need of helps,
To raise my spirits like those weaker men,
Who mix their blood with wine, and out of that
Adulterate conjunction, do beget

A bastard valour. Native courage, thanks!

Thou lead'st me soberly to undertake

This great hard work of magnanimity.

D'am. Brave *Charlemont*, at the reflection of thy courage, my cold fearful blood takes fire, and I begin to emulate thy death.—Is that thy executioner? My lords, you wrong the honour of so high a blood to let him suffer by so base a hand.

Judges. He suffers by the form of law, my lord.

D'am. I will reform it—Down, you shagge-hair'd cur; The instrument that strikes my nephew's blood, shall be as noble as his blood.—I'll be thy executioner myself.

1. *Jud.* Restrain his fury. Good, my lord, forbear.

D'am. I'll butcher out the passage of his soul, That dares attempt to interrupt the blow.

2. *Jud.* My lord, the office will impress a mark Of scandal and dishonour on your name.

Charl. The office fits him—hinder not his hand; But let him crown my resolution with An unexampled dignity of death.

Strike home—Thus I submit me. [*Ready for Execution.*

Casta. So do I.

In scorn of death thus hand in hand we die.

D'am. I have the trick on it, Nephew—You shall see how easily I can put you out of pain. —Oh——

As he raises up the Axe, strikes out his own Brains—Stagers off the Scaffold.

Execu. In lifting up the axe, I think h'as knock'd his brains out.

D'am. What murderer was he that lifted up my hand against my head?

Jud. None but yourself, my lord.

D'am. I thought he was a murderer that did it.

Jud. God forbid.

D'am. Forbid? You lie, Judge, he commanded it—To tell thee that man's wisdom is a fool. I came to thee for judgment, and thou thinkest thyself a wise man—I outreach'd thy wit, and made thy justice murder's instrument, in *Castabella's* death and *Charlemont's*. To crown my murder of *Montferrers* with a safe possession of his wealthy state——

Charl. I claim the just advantage of his words.

Jud. Descend the scaffold and attend the rest.

D'am.

D'am. There was the strength of natural understanding; but nature is a fool: there is a power above her that hath overthrown the pride of all my projects and posterity; (for whose surviving blood I had erected a proud monument) and struck them dead before me. For whose deaths, I call'd to thee for judgment. Thou didst want discretion for the sentence; but yond' power that struck me, knew the judgment I deserv'd, and gave it.—O! the lust of death commits a rape upon me, as I would have done on *Castabella*.
[Dies.]

Jud. Strange is his death and judgment. With the hands Of joy and justice I thus set you free. The power of that eternal providence, Which overthrew his projects in their pride; Hath made your griefs the instruments to raise Your blessings to a greater height than ever.

Charl. Only to heav'n I attribute the work, Whose gracious motives made me still forbear To be mine own revenger. Now I see, That, *Patience is the honest man's revenge*.

Jud. Instead of *Charlemont* that but e'en now Stood ready to be dispossest of all; I now salute you with more titles, both Of wealth and dignity than you were born to. And you (sweet Madam) lady of *Belforest*; You have that title by your father's death.

Cast. With all the titles due to me; encrease The wealth and honour of my *Charlemont*. Lord of *Montferrers*, Lord *D'amville*, *Belforest*; And for a close to make up all the rest; [Embrace.] The Lord of *Castabella*. Now at last Enjoy the full possession of my love; As clear and pure as my first chastity.

Charl. The crown of all my blessings!—I will tempt My stars no longer; nor protract my time Of marriage. When those nuptial rites are done I will perform my kinsmens funerals.

Jud. The drums and trumpets interchange the sounds Of death and triumph; for these honour'd lives, Succeeding their deserved tragedies.

Charl. Thus by the work of heaven, the men that thought To follow our dead bodies without tears, Are dead themselves, and now we follow theirs.

